Hall, J
Songs for little singers,
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Songs for Little Singers No. 1

FOR
PRIMARY DEPARTMENTS
OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS

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SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS

A COLLECTION OF EASY PIECES FOR BEGINNERS AND PRIMARY DEPARTMENTS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND FOR USE AT HOME

Compiled and Edited by

J. LINCOLN HALL

AND

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE

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The RODEHEAVER HALL-MACK Co.
WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

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Songs for Little Singers

This Book is made up of easy, singable tunes in the compass of Children's voices; the words are within the comprehension of little folks, making in all a Book of Songs peculiarly adapted to young scholars.

There are more than fifty (**50**) new pieces that we believe will become popular with the children, because they are easily learned, and withal sprightly enough to enthuse the Little Singers.

Special attention is called to the

Parable Songs **Motion Songs**
Miracle Songs **Two-Part Songs**

The Parables and Miracles are to be read to the children before the verses about them are sung. This makes a novel and attractive feature, and serves to impress the Biblical teaching on their minds.

In the Two-Part Songs the smaller children sing one melody, while the teacher and a few of the older scholars sing another. This greatly interests the children, and offers an opportunity for them to demonstrate before the older people, their ability to sing Part Songs.

The compilation also includes a number of old songs, such as have proven useful, and which are necessary to a child's book.

In the back of the book have been added a number of

Short Prayers **Little Recitations**
Exercises **Interesting Items**

"Songs for Little Singers"

we believe is the most unique song-book for little folks that has ever been issued, and that it will make a most valuable asset to the Primary Department of any Sunday-School.

THE PUBLISHERS.

29065

S10780

The Children's Friend.

Elsie Duncan Yale. W. A. Post.

Brightly.

1. Je - sus ev - er is the chil - dren's friend, Count - less bless-ings He will dai - ly send, On His good-ness we may all de - pend, Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus.
2. Je - sus ev - er is the chil - dren's King, He will lis - ten to the songs we sing We can please Him when our gifts we bring, Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus.
3. Je - sus ev - er is the chil - dren's guide, He will lead us, he is by our side, In His keep - ing we shall safe a - bide, Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus.

Chorus. A trifle faster.

Little friends of Jesus, Little friends of Je-sus, He will guide us Walk be-side us, Lit-tle friends of Je-sus, Lit-tle friends of Je - sus, Serv-ing Him each day!

f rit. *rit.* *f*

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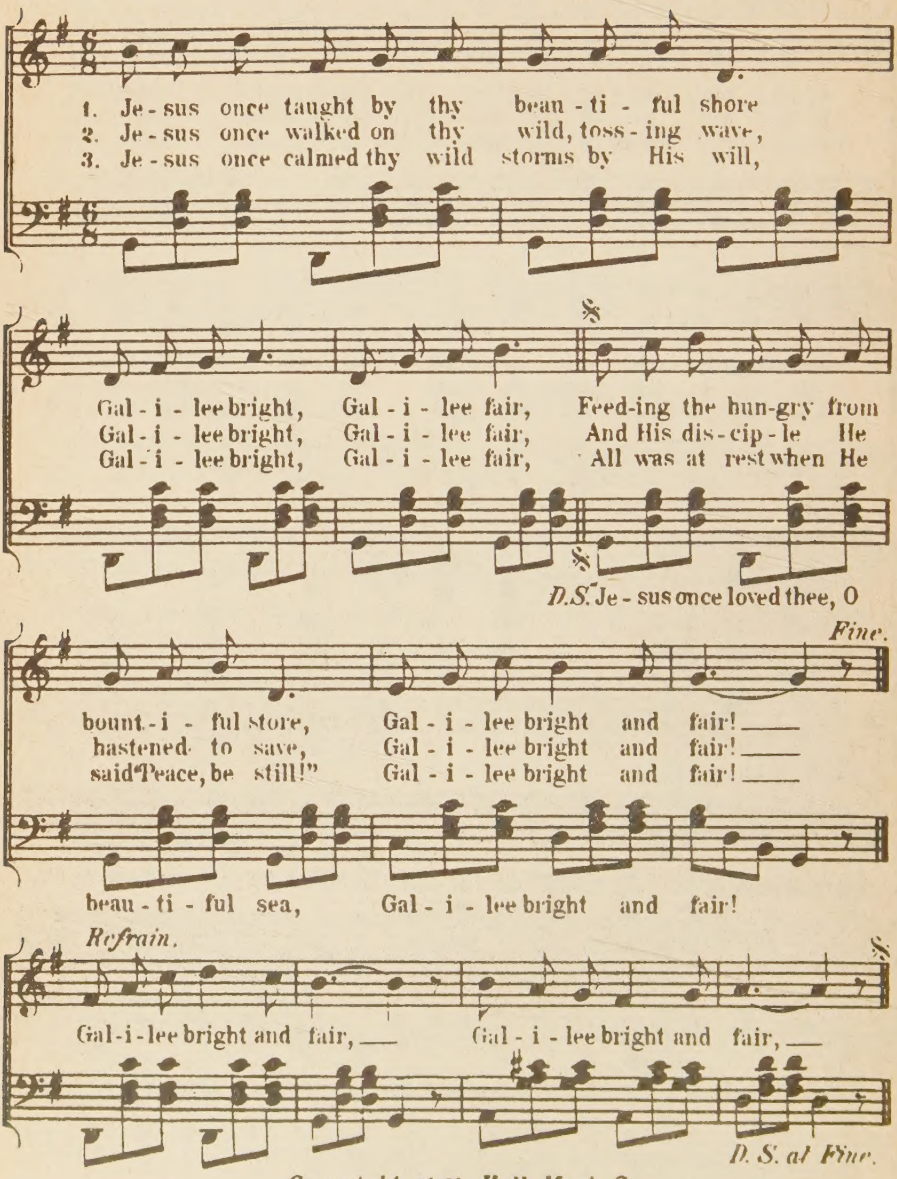
Galilee.

Elsie Duncan Yale. Howard E. Smith.

1. Je - sus once taught by thy beau - ti - ful shore
2. Je - sus once walked on thy wild, toss - ing wave,
3. Je - sus once calmed thy wild storms by His will,
Gal - i - lee bright, Gal - i - lee fair, Feed-ing the hun-gry from
Gal - i - lee bright, Gal - i - lee fair, And His dis - cip - le He
Gal - i - lee bright, Gal - i - lee fair, All was at rest when He
D.S. Je - sus once loved thee, O
Fine.
bount - i - ful store, Gal - i - lee bright and fair!
hastened to save, Gal - i - lee bright and fair!
said "Peace, be still!" Gal - i - lee bright and fair!
beau - ti - ful sea, Gal - i - lee bright and fair!
Refrain.
Gal - i - lee bright and fair, Gal - i - lee bright and fair,
D. S. al Fine.

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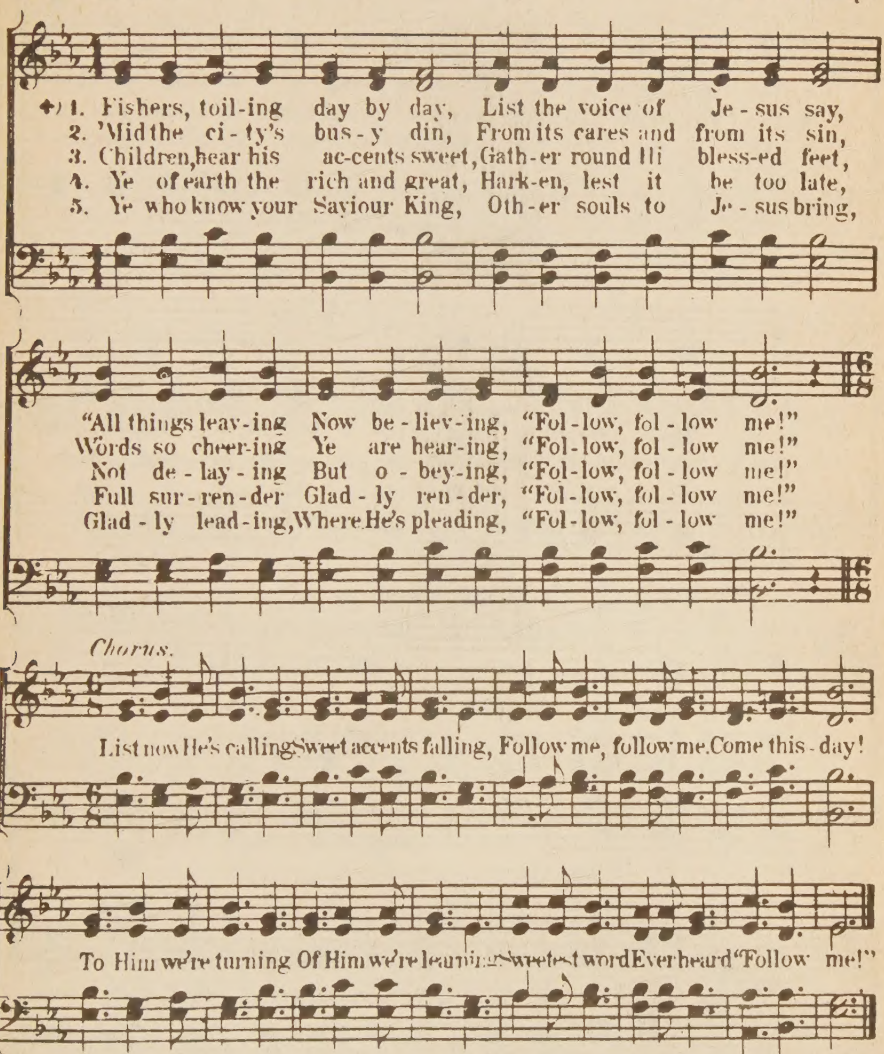
Follow Me.

(Disciple Song.)

Elsie Duncan Yale. Herbert J. Lacey.

†) 1. Fishers, toil-ing day by day, List the voice of Je - sus say,
2. 'Mid the ci - ty's bus - y din, From its cares and from its sin,
3. Children, hear his ac-cents sweet, Gath-er round Hi bless-ed feet,
4. Ye of earth the rich and great, Hark-en, lest it be too late,
5. Ye who know your Saviour King, Oth-er souls to Je - sus bring,
"All things leav-ing Now be - liev-ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Words so cheer-ing Ye are hear-ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Not de - lay - ing But o - bey-ing, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Full sur - ren - der Glad - ly ren - der, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Glad - ly lead - ing, Where He's pleading, "Fol - low, fol - low me!"
Chorus.
List now He's calling, Sweet accents falling, Follow me, follow me, Come this - day!
To Him we're turning Of Him we're learning Sweetest word Ever heard "Follow me!"

†) *Before each verse, the teacher should read the indicated portion of scripture.*
1. Read Mark 1: 16-20. 2. Read Mark 2: 14. 3. Read Matt 19: 13-15.
4. Read Matt 19: 16-22. 5. Read John, 40-42.

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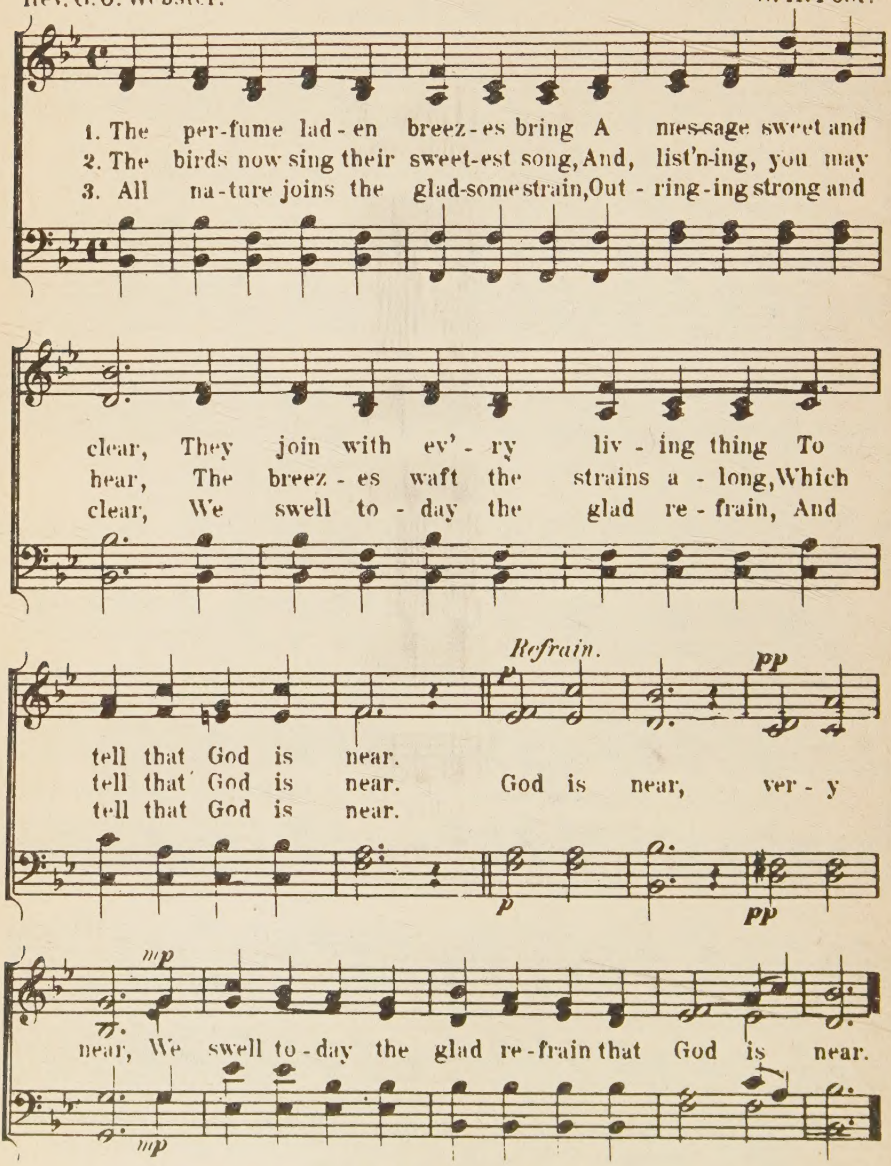
God is Near.

Rev. G. O. Webster. W. A. Post.

1. The per-fume lad-en breez-es bring A mes-sage sweet and
2. The birds now sing their sweet-est song, And, list'n-ing, you may
3. All na-ture joins the glad-some strain, Out-ring-ing strong and
clear, They join with ev'-ry liv-ing thing To
hear, The breez-es waft the strains a-long, Which
clear, We swell to-day the glad re-frain, And
Refrain.
pp
tell that God is near.
tell that God is near. God is near, ver-y
tell that God is near.
p
pp
mp
near, We swell to-day the glad re-frain that God is near.
mp

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The Acorn.

S. C. Kirk.

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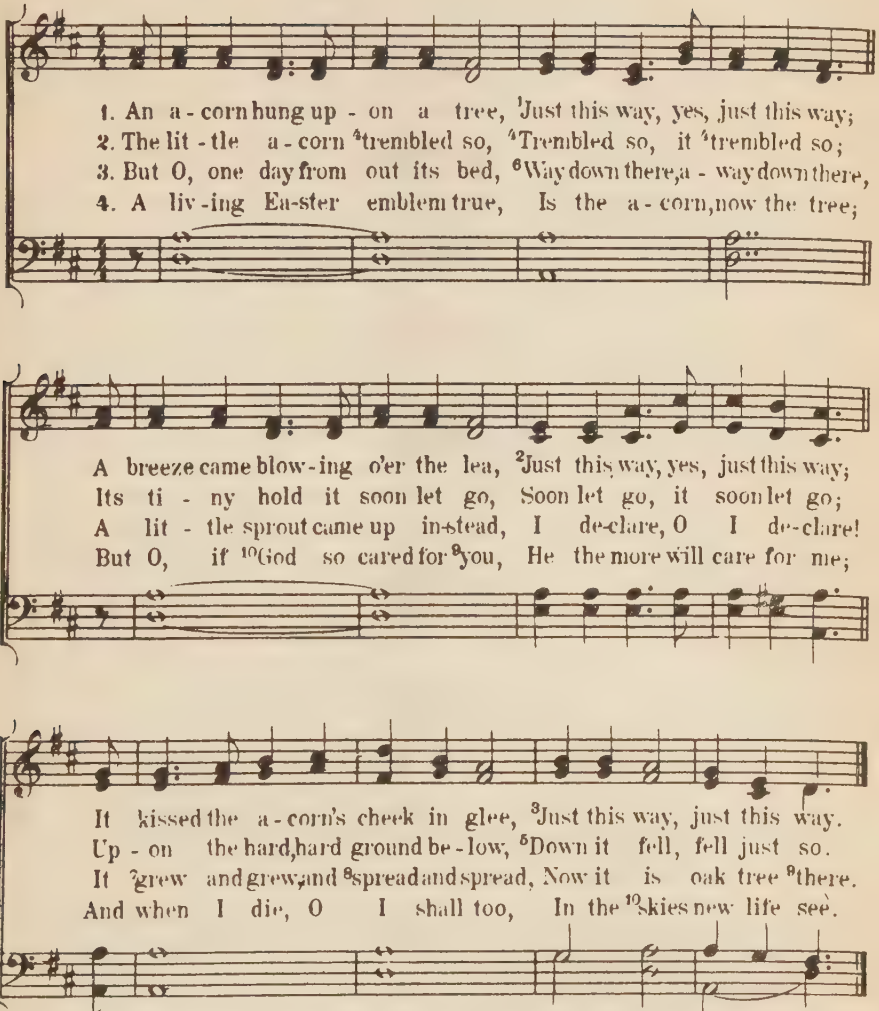
Herbert J. Lacey.


1. An a - corn hung up - on a tree, [1]Just this way, yes, just this way;
2. The lit - tle a - corn [4]trembled so, [4]Trembled so, it [4]trembled so;
3. But O, one day from out its bed, [6]Way down there, a - way down there,
4. A liv - ing Ea - ster emblem true, Is the a - corn, now the tree;
A breeze came blow - ing o'er the lea, [2]Just this way, yes, just this way;
Its ti - ny hold it soon let go, Soon let go, it soon let go;
A lit - tle sprout came up in - stead, I de - clare, O I de - clare!
But O, if [10]God so cared for [8]you, He the more will care for me;
It kissed the a - corn's cheek in glee, [3]Just this way, just this way.
Up - on the hard, hard ground be - low, [5]Down it fell, fell just so.
It [7]grew and grew, and [8]spread and spread, Now it is oak tree [8]there.
And when I die, O I shall too, In the [10]skies new life see.

Motions:— 1. Extend arms, hands in a hanging position. 2. Horizontal waving motion of both arms. 3. Throw a kiss with right hand. 4. Trembling motion of both arms. 5. Slow downward motion with hands. 6. Point to the floor with right hand. 7. Slow upward motion of the hands. 8. Wide horizontal sweep of both arms. 9. Point with right index finger obliquely to some fixed point. 10. Point upward, eyes following the hand.

Tell Me Your Song.

Jno. R. Clements.

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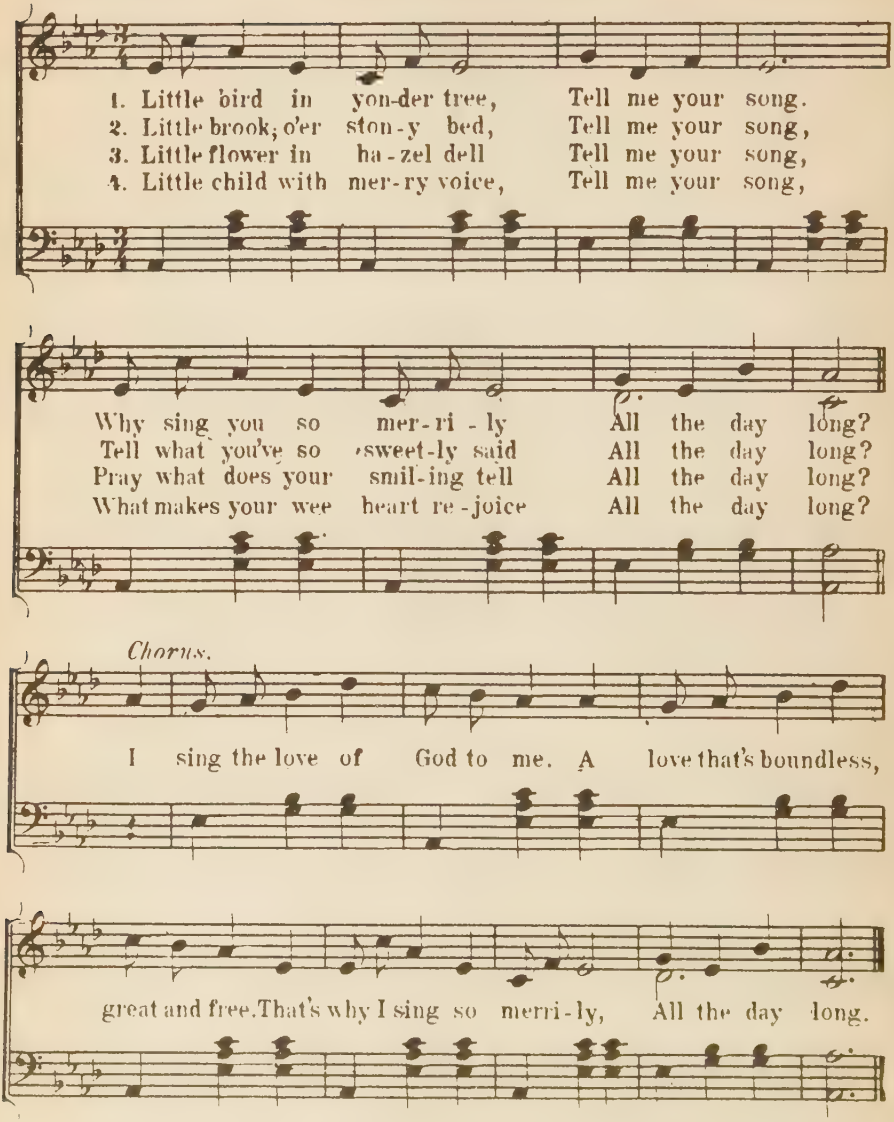
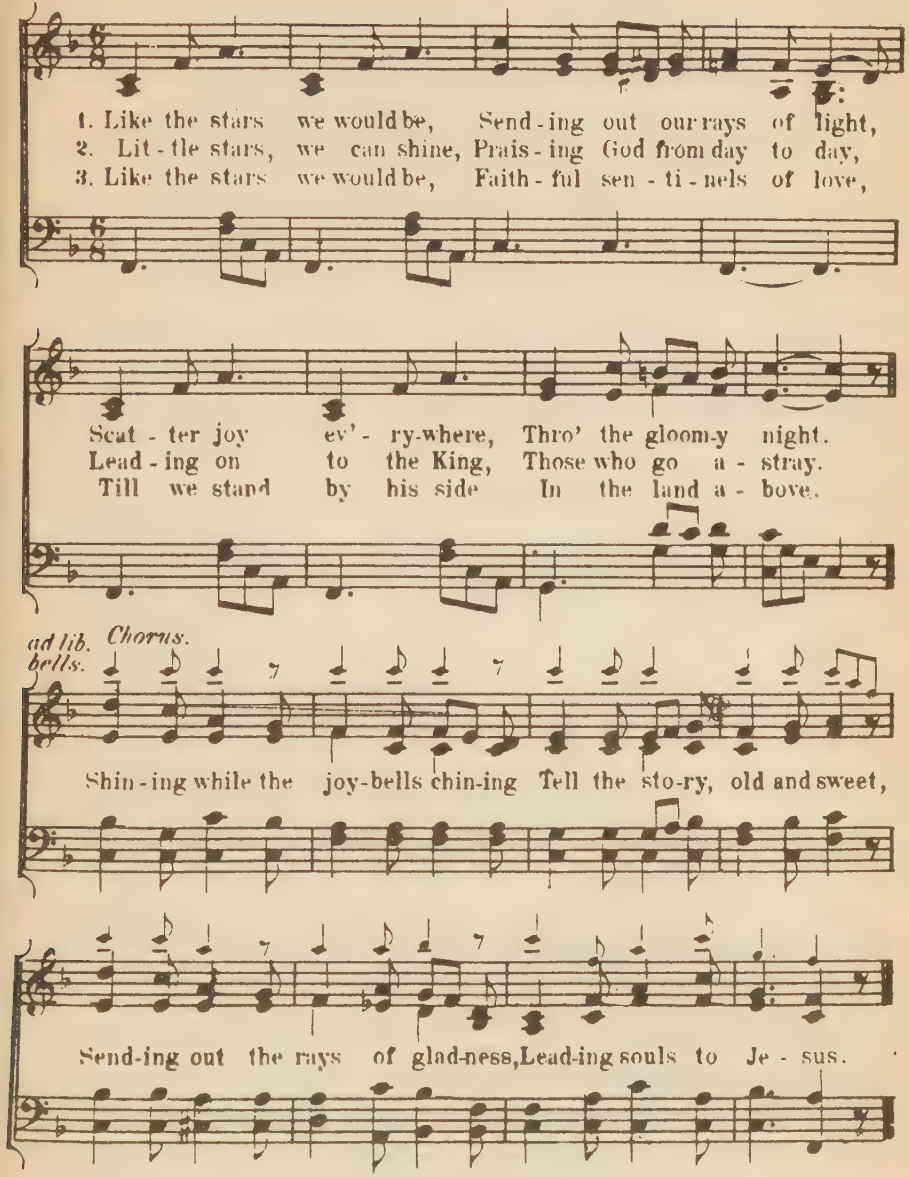
C. Austin Miles.

1. Little bird in yon-der tree, Tell me your song.
2. Little brook, o'er ston-y bed, Tell me your song,
3. Little flower in ha-zel dell Tell me your song,
4. Little child with mer-ry voice, Tell me your song,
Why sing you so mer-ri-ly All the day long?
Tell what you've so sweet-ly said All the day long?
Pray what does your smil-ing tell All the day long?
What makes your wee heart re-joice All the day long?
Chorus.
I sing the love of God to me. A love that's boundless,
great and free. That's why I sing so merri-ly, All the day long.

Like the Stars.

Lizzie DeArmond. W. A. Post.


1. Like the stars we would be, Send-ing out our rays of light,
2. Lit-tle stars, we can shine, Prais-ing God from day to day,
3. Like the stars we would be, Faith-ful sen-ti-nels of love,
Scat-ter joy ev'-ry-where, Thro' the gloom-y night.
Lead-ing on to the King, Those who go a-stray.
Till we stand by his side In the land a-bove.
ad lib. bells.
Chorus.
Shin-ing while the joy-bells chin-ing Tell the sto-ry, old and sweet,
Send-ing out the rays of glad-ness, Lead-ing souls to Je-sus.

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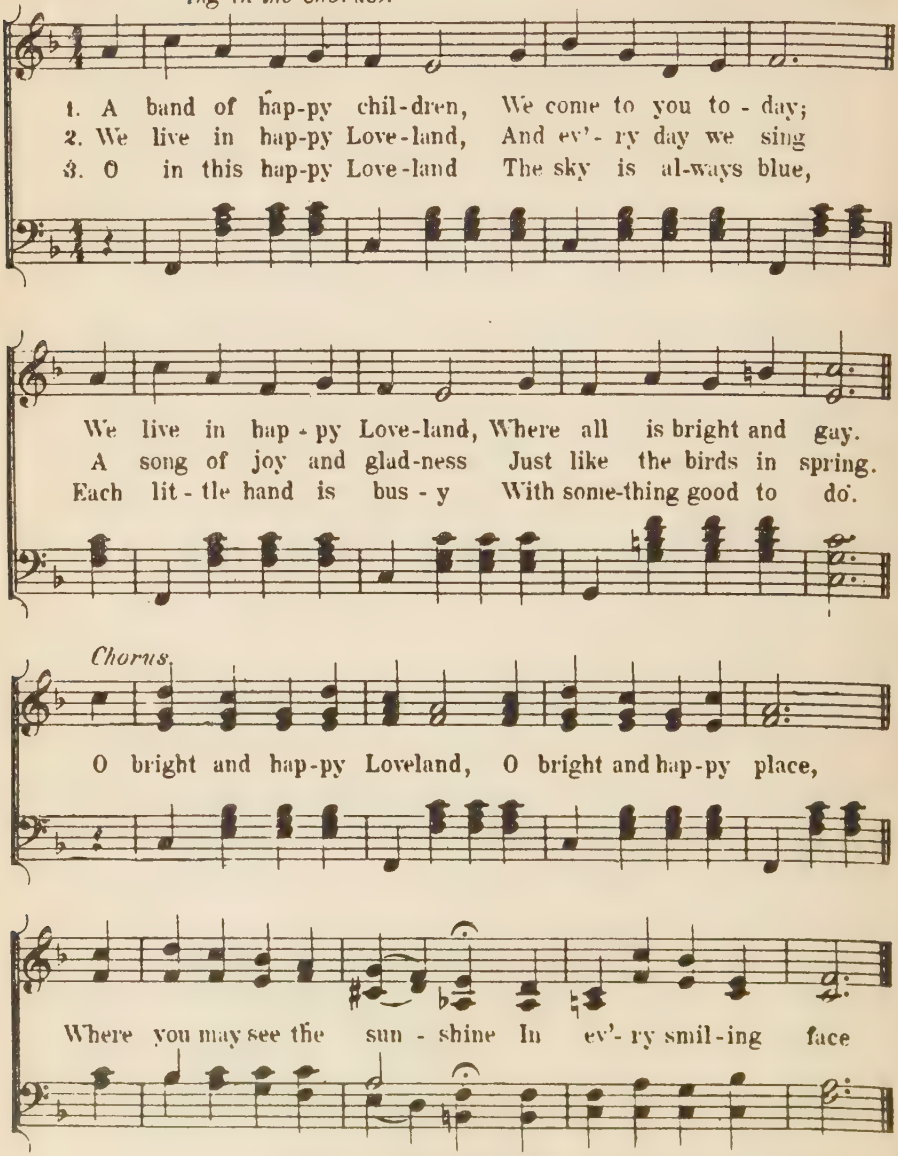
Happy Loveland.

S. C. Kirk. *(For any number of children; entire school joining in the Chorus).* Maurice A. Clifton.


1. A band of hap-py chil-dren, We come to you to - day;
2. We live in hap-py Love-land, And ev'- ry day we sing
3. O in this hap-py Love-land The sky is al-ways blue,
We live in hap - py Love-land, Where all is bright and gay.
A song of joy and glad-ness Just like the birds in spring.
Each lit - tle hand is bus - y With some-thing good to do.
Chorus.
O bright and hap-py Loveland, O bright and hap-py place,
Where you may see the sun - shine In ev'- ry smil-ing face

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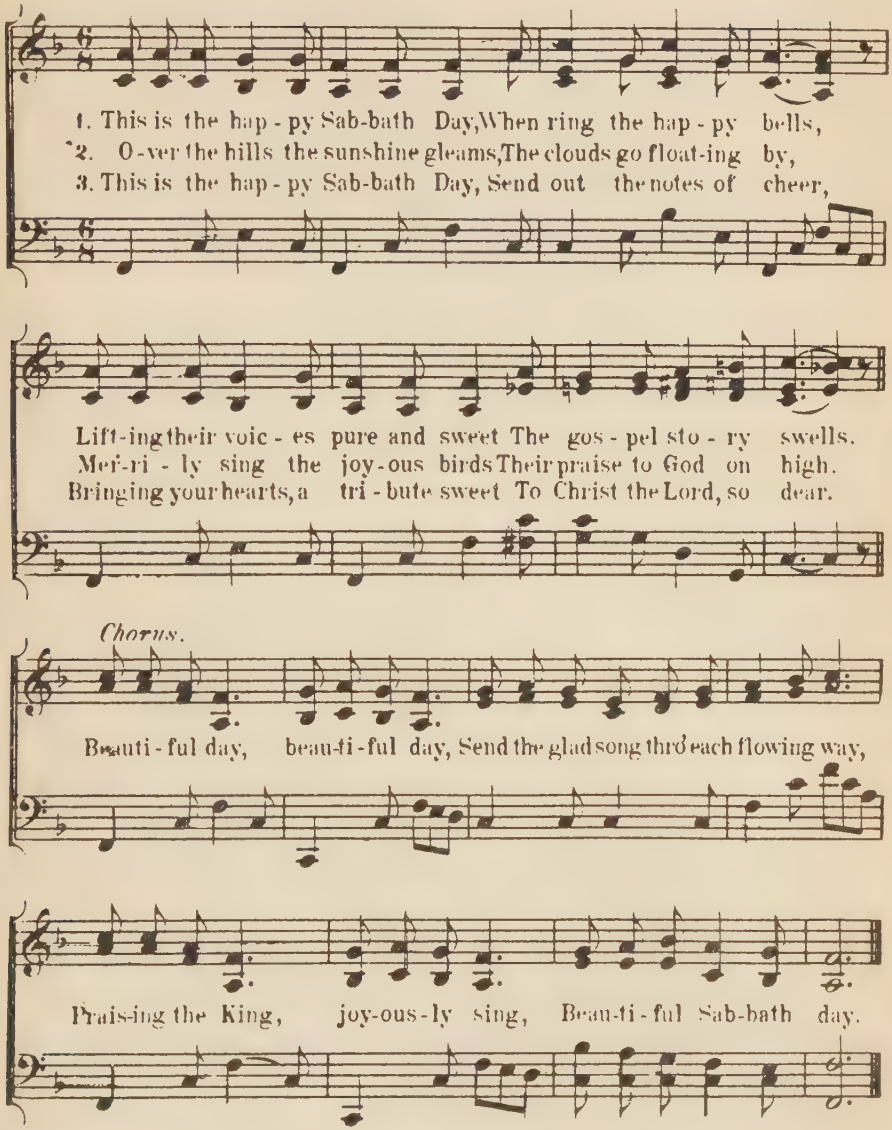
Praising the King.

Lizzie DeArmond. W. A. Post.


1. This is the hap - py Sab-bath Day, When ring the hap - py bells,
2. O - ver the hills the sunshine gleams, The clouds go float-ing by,
3. This is the hap - py Sab-bath Day, Send out the notes of cheer,
Lift-ing their voic - es pure and sweet The gos - pel sto - ry swells.
Mer-ri - ly sing the joy-ous birds Their praise to God on high.
Bringing your hearts, a tri - bute sweet To Christ the Lord, so dear.
Chorus.
Beauti - ful day, beau-ti - ful day, Send the glad song thro' each flowing way,
Prais-ing the King, joy-ous - ly sing, Beau-ti - ful Sab-bath day.

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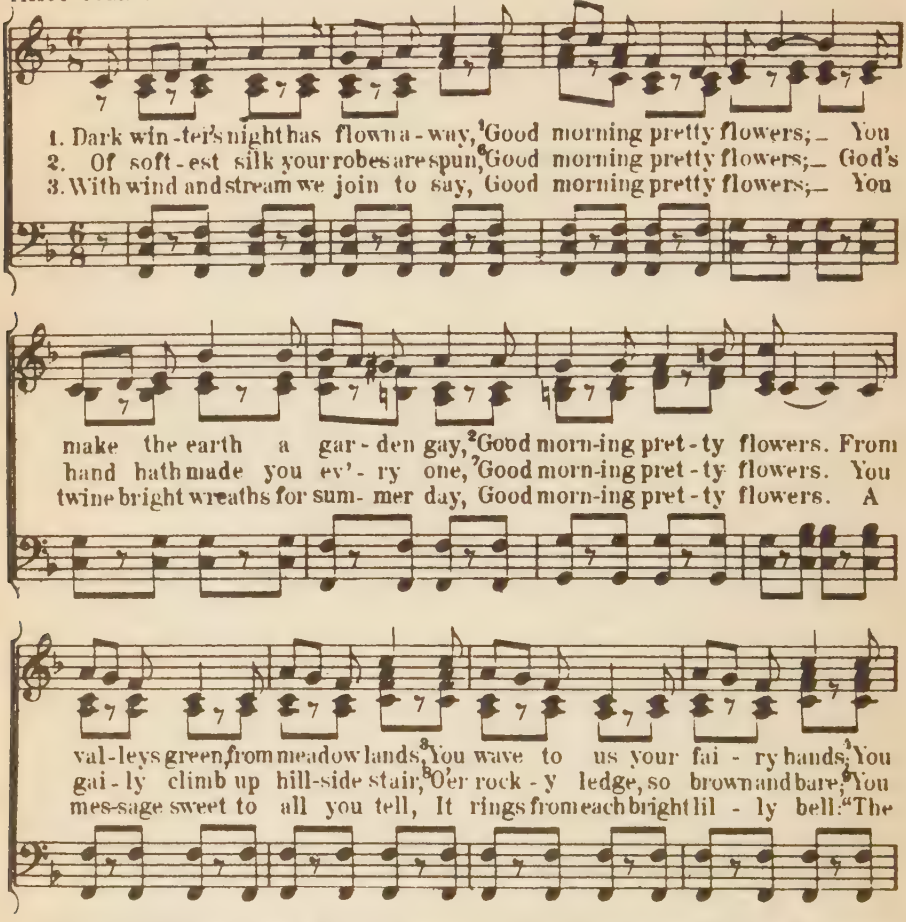
Good Morning, Pretty Flowers.

Alice Jean Cleator. C. Austin Miles.

1. Dark win-ter's night has flown a-way, [1]Good morning pretty flowers; [2]You
2. Of soft-est silk your robes are spun, [3]Good morning pretty flowers; [4]God's
3. With wind and stream we join to say, Good morning pretty flowers; [5]You
make the earth a gar-den gay, [6]Good morn-ing pret-ty flowers. From
hand hath made you ev'-ry one, [7]Good morn-ing pret-ty flowers. You
twine bright wreaths for sum-mer day, Good morn-ing pret-ty flowers. A
val-leys green, from meadow lands, [8]You wave to us your fai-ry hands; [9]You
gai-ly climb up hill-side stair, [10]O'er rock-y ledge, so brown and bare; [11]You
mes-sage sweet to all you tell, It rings from each bright lil-ly bell: [12]The

Motions:—Children carry baskets or bouquets of flowers, which are to be swung to and fro during the playing of the Interlude. At the words "Good morning, pretty flowers," children may turn to each other and bow slightly. 1. Wave hand from breast outward. 2. Hold flowers up while looking at them. 3. Shade eyes with hands, as though looking across meadow-lands. 4. Wave hand. 5. Point upward. 6. Touch petals gently. 7. Point upward. 8. Move hand upward by steps. 9. Move hand in horizontal position, as though indicating a shelf. 10. Hold flowers up. 11. Hold hand to ear, as if listening. 12. Point upward. After third stanza, march from platform, swinging flowers.

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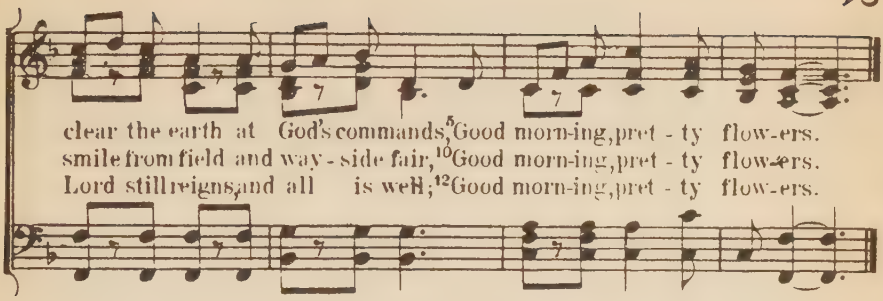
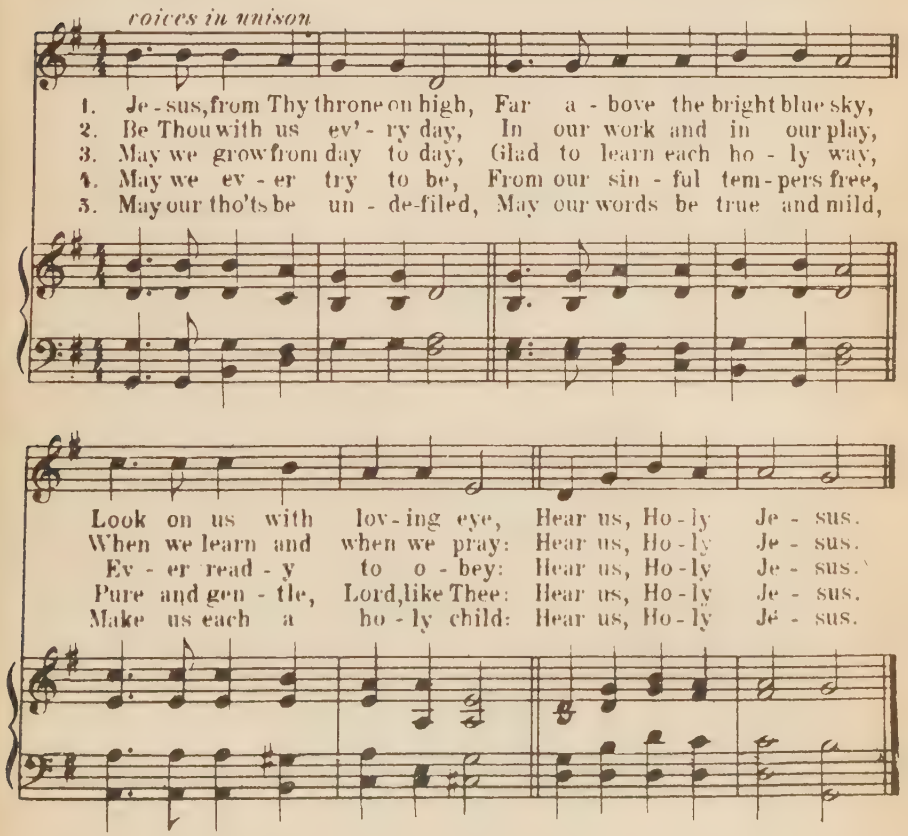

clear the earth at God's commands,[5]Good morn-ing,pret - ty flow-ers.
smile from field and way - side fair,[10]Good morn-ing,pret - ty flow-ers.
Lord still reigns,and all is well;[12]Good morn-ing,pret - ty flow-ers.

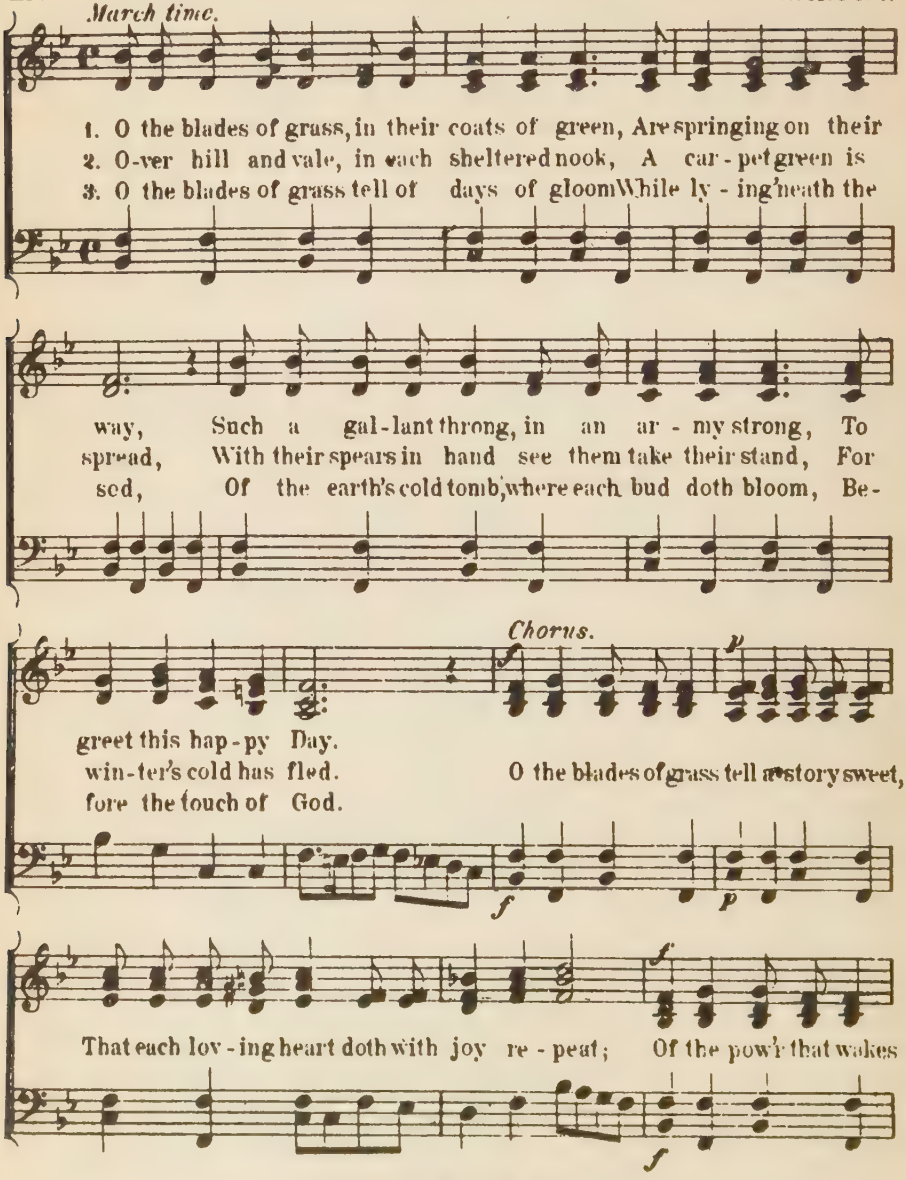
Children's Litany.

Rev. T. B. Pollock, 1870. W. S. Hoyte, 1875.

voices in unison
1. Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
2. Be Thou with us ev'- ry day, In our work and in our play,
3. May we grow from day to day, Glad to learn each ho - ly way,
4. May we ev - er try to be, From our sin - ful tem - pers free,
5. May our tho'ts be un - de-filed, May our words be true and mild,
Look on us with lov - ing eye, Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
When we learn and when we pray: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Ev - er read - y to o - bey: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Pure and gen - tle, Lord, like Thee: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Make us each a ho - ly child: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.

O the Blades of Grass

Lizzie DeArmond. W. A. Post.

March time.


1. O the blades of grass, in their coats of green, Are springing on their way,
2. O-ver hill and vale, in each sheltered nook, A car-pet green is spread,
3. O the blades of grass tell of days of gloom While ly-ing 'neath the sod,
Such a gal-lant throng, in an ar-my strong, To greet this hap-py Day.
With their spears in hand see them take their stand, For win-ter's cold has fled.
Of the earth's cold tomb, where each bud doth bloom, Be-fore the touch of God.
Chorus.
O the blades of grass tell a story sweet,
That each lov-ing heart doth with joy re-peat;
Of the pow'r that wakes

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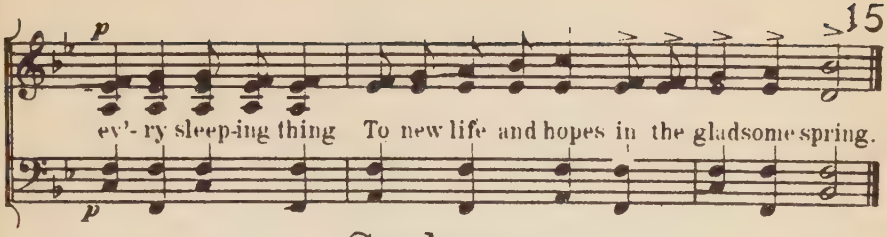
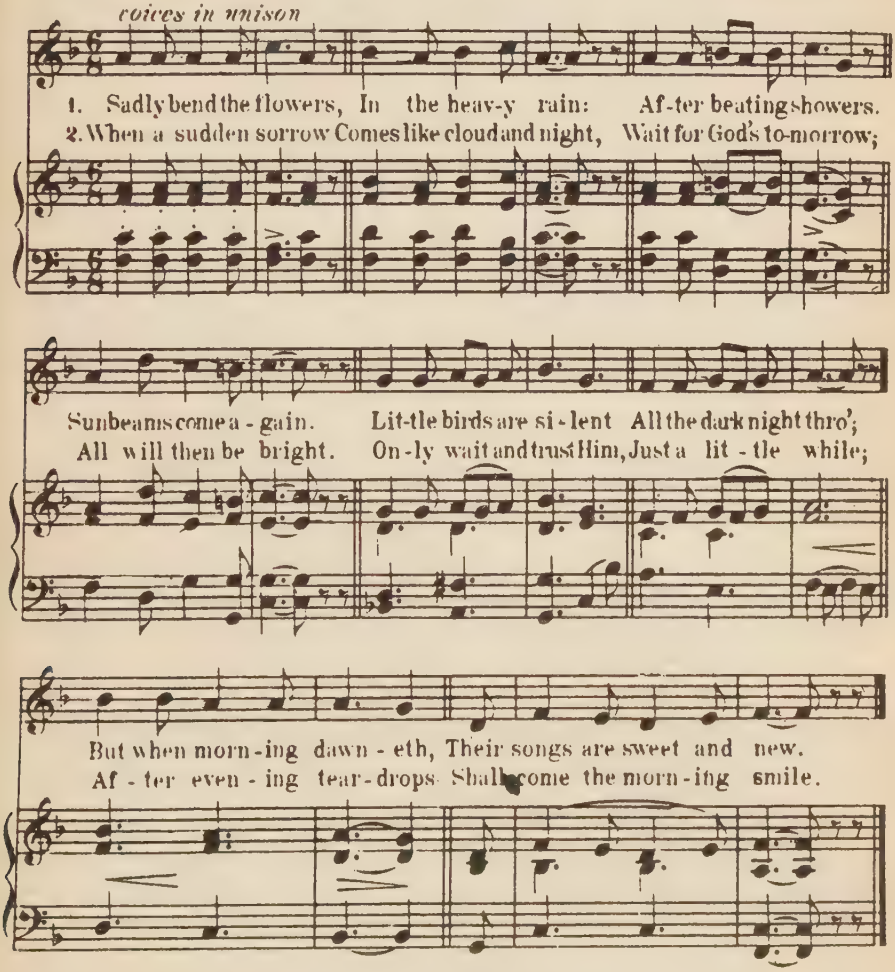


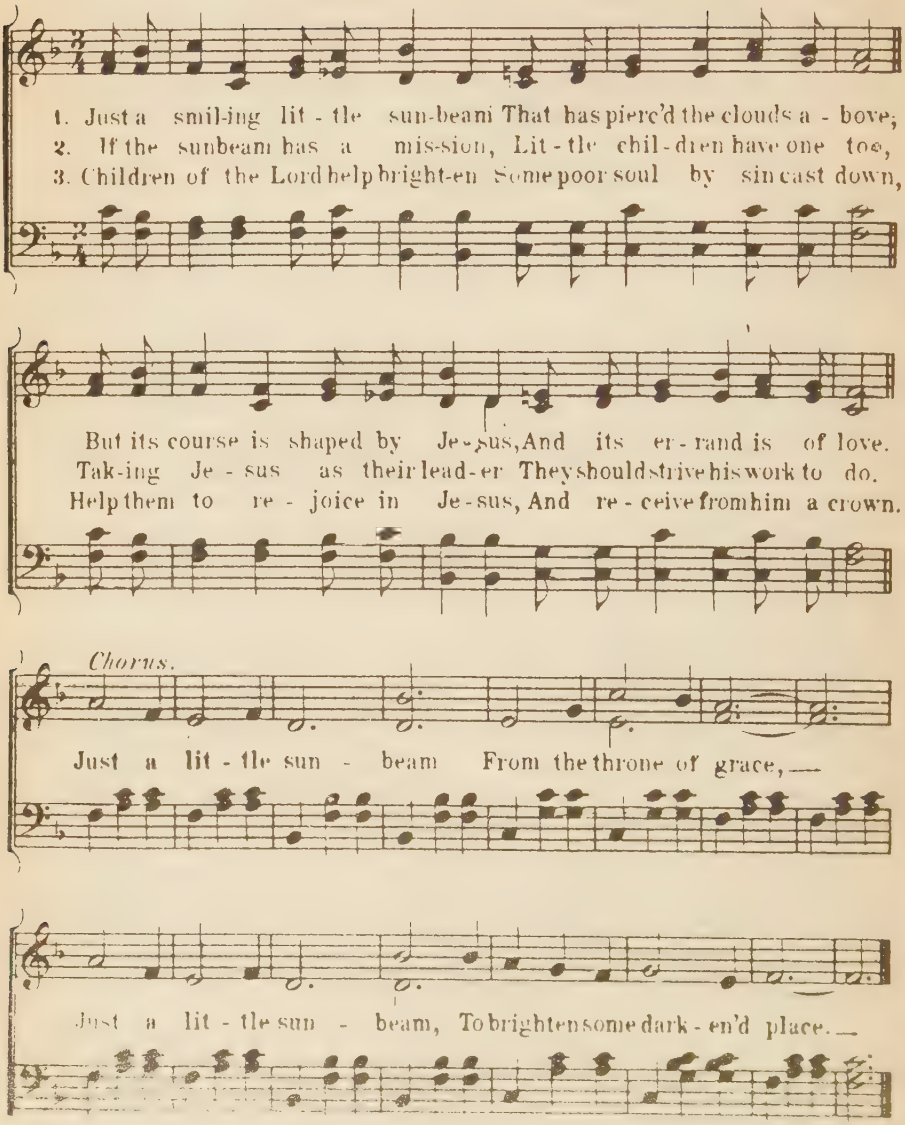
Sunbeams.

F. R. Havergal, 1869. A. Randegger, 1870

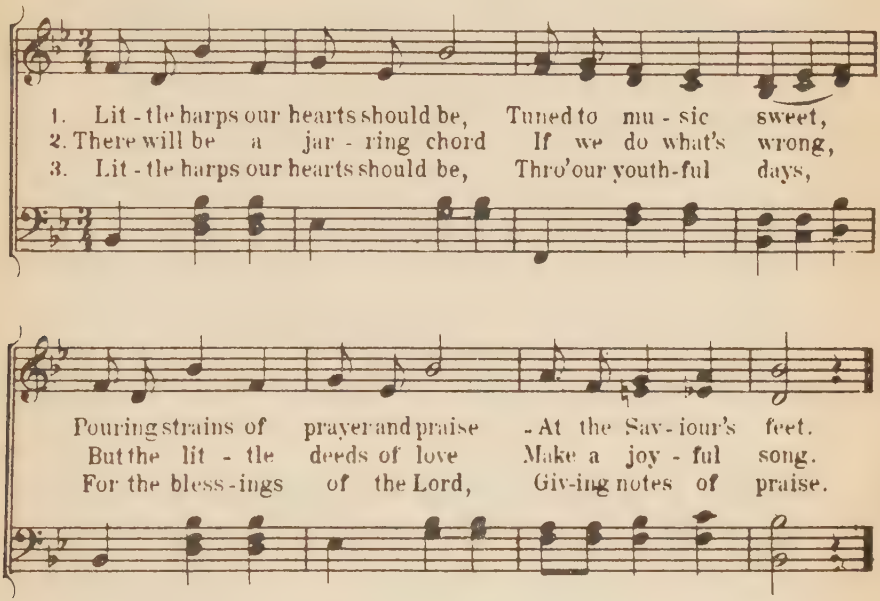
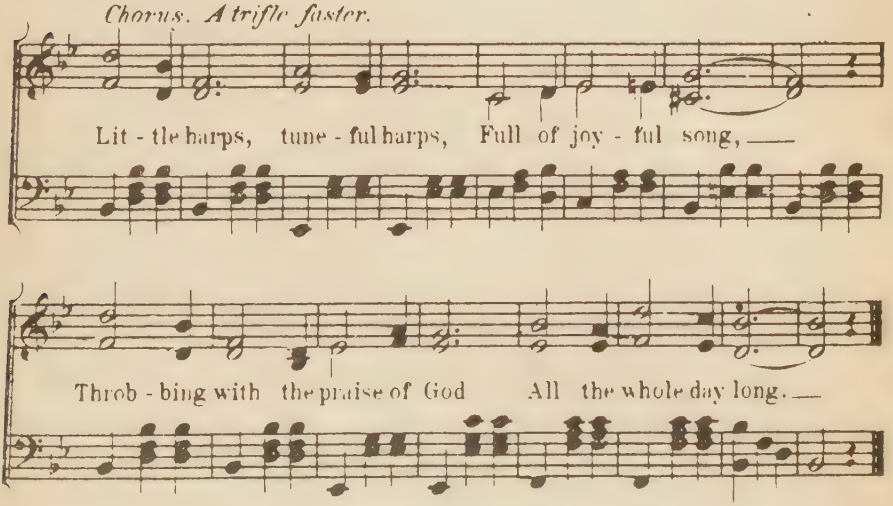
voices in unison

1. Sadly bend the flowers, In the heav-y rain: Af-ter beating showers.
2. When a sudden sorrow Comes like cloud and night, Wait for God's to-morrow;
Sunbeams come a - gain. Lit-tle birds are si - lent All the dark night thro';
All will then be bright. On - ly wait and trust Him, Just a lit - tle while;
But when morn - ing dawn - eth, Their songs are sweet and new.
Af - ter even - ing tear-drops Shall come the morn - ing smile.

A Sunbeam.

Charles A. Mack. C. Austin Miles.


1. Just a smil-ing lit - tle sun-beam That has pierc'd the clouds a - bove;
2. If the sunbeam has a mis-sion, Lit - tle chil-dren have one too,
3. Children of the Lord help bright-en Some poor soul by sin cast down,
But its course is shaped by Je-sus, And its er-rand is of love.
Tak-ing Je - sus as their lead-er They should strive his work to do.
Help them to re - joice in Je-sus, And re - ceive from him a crown.
Chorus.
Just a lit - tle sun - beam From the throne of grace,—
Just a lit - tle sun - beam, To brighten some dark - en'd place.—

Little Harps.

Lizzie DeArmond. W. A. Post.

1. Lit - tle harps our hearts should be, Tuned to mu - sic sweet,
2. There will be a jar - ring chord If we do what's wrong,
3. Lit - tle harps our hearts should be, Thro' our youth-ful days,
Pouring strains of prayer and praise - At the Sav - iour's feet.
But the lit - tle deeds of love Make a joy - ful song.
For the bless - ings of the Lord, Giv-ing notes of praise.

Chorus. A trifle faster.
Lit - tle harps, tune - ful harps, Full of joy - ful song, ——
Throb - bing with the praise of God All the whole day long. ——

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The Boys' Brigade.

S. C. Kirk.

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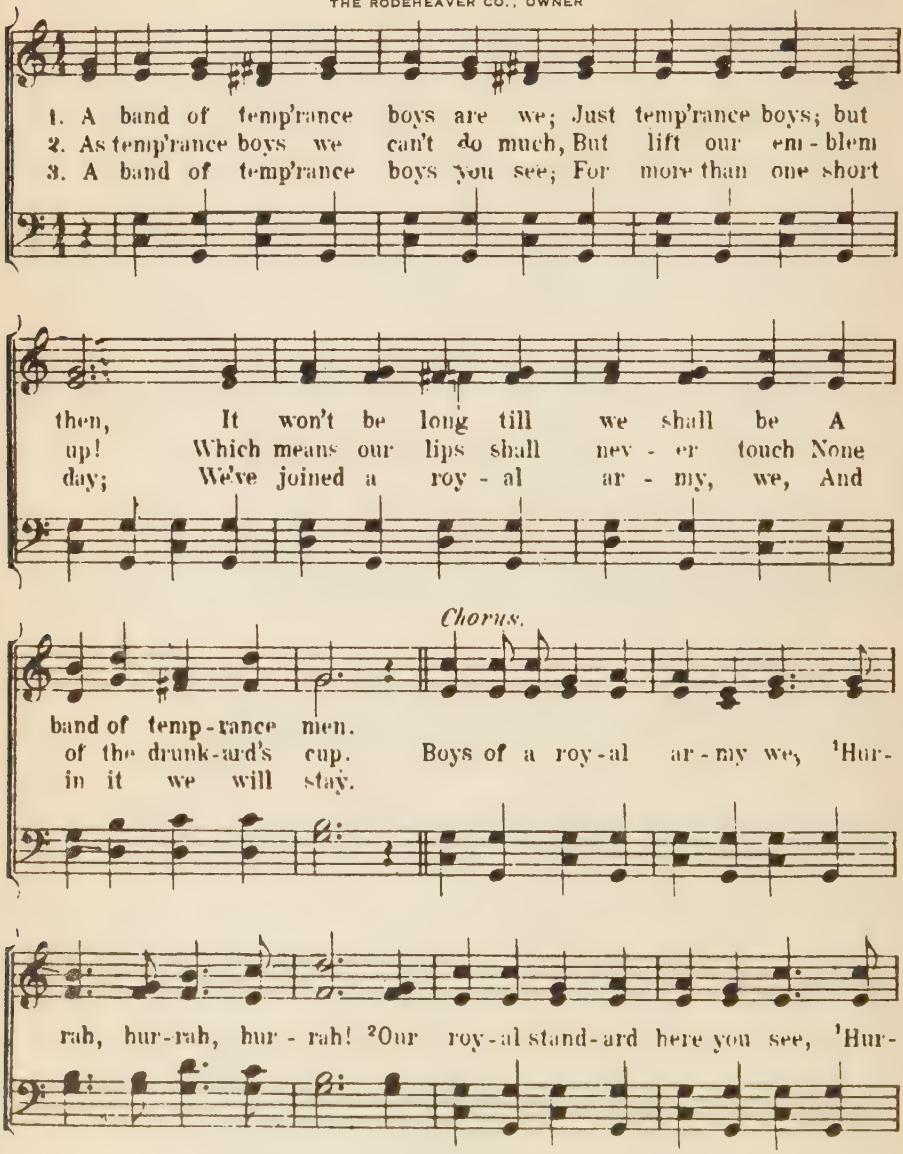
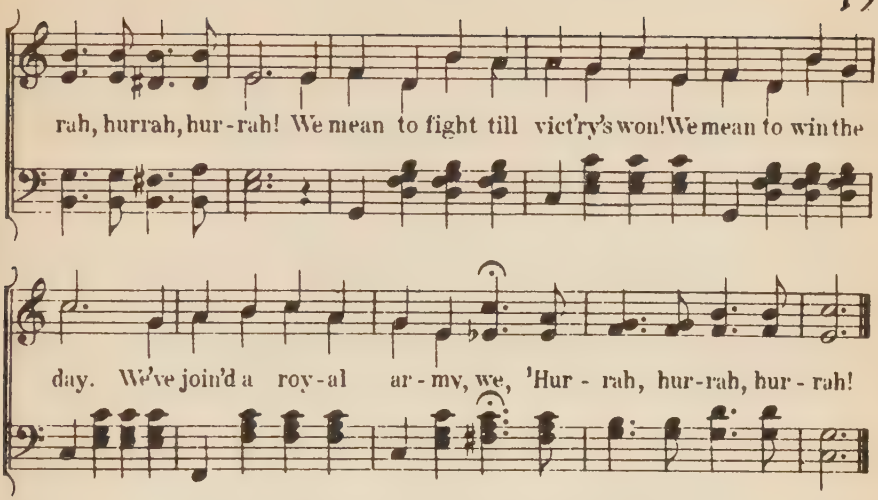
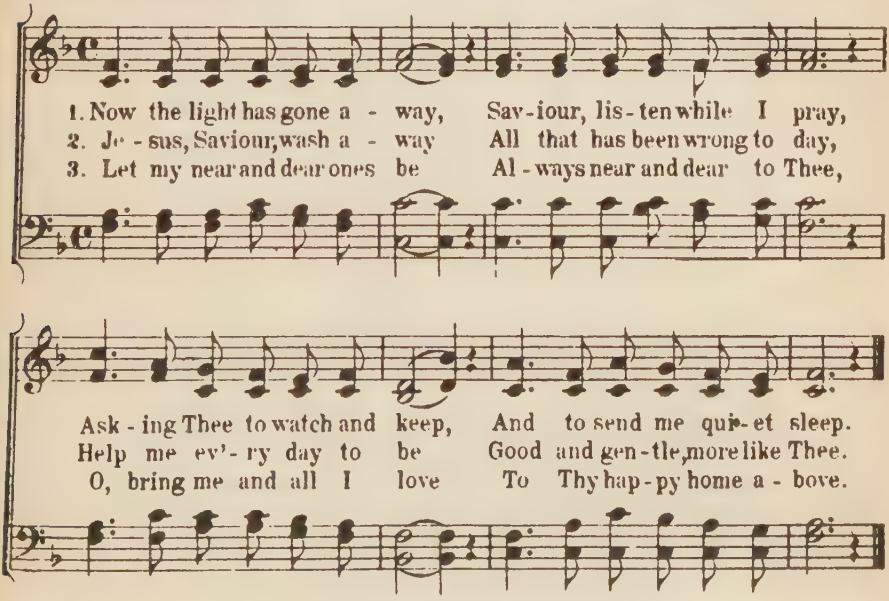
Maurice A. Clifton.

1. A band of temp'rance boys are we; Just temp'rance boys; but
2. As temp'rance boys we can't do much, But lift our em-blem
3. A band of temp'rance boys you see; For more than one short
then, It won't be long till we shall be A
up! Which means our lips shall nev-er touch None
day; We've joined a roy-al ar-my, we, And
Chorus.
band of temp-rance men.
of the drunk-ard's cup. Boys of a roy-al ar-my we, 1Hur-
in it we will stay.
rah, hur-rah, hur-rah! 2Our roy-al stand-ard here you see, 1Hur-

Motions:— 1.Wave flags. 2.Present flags.



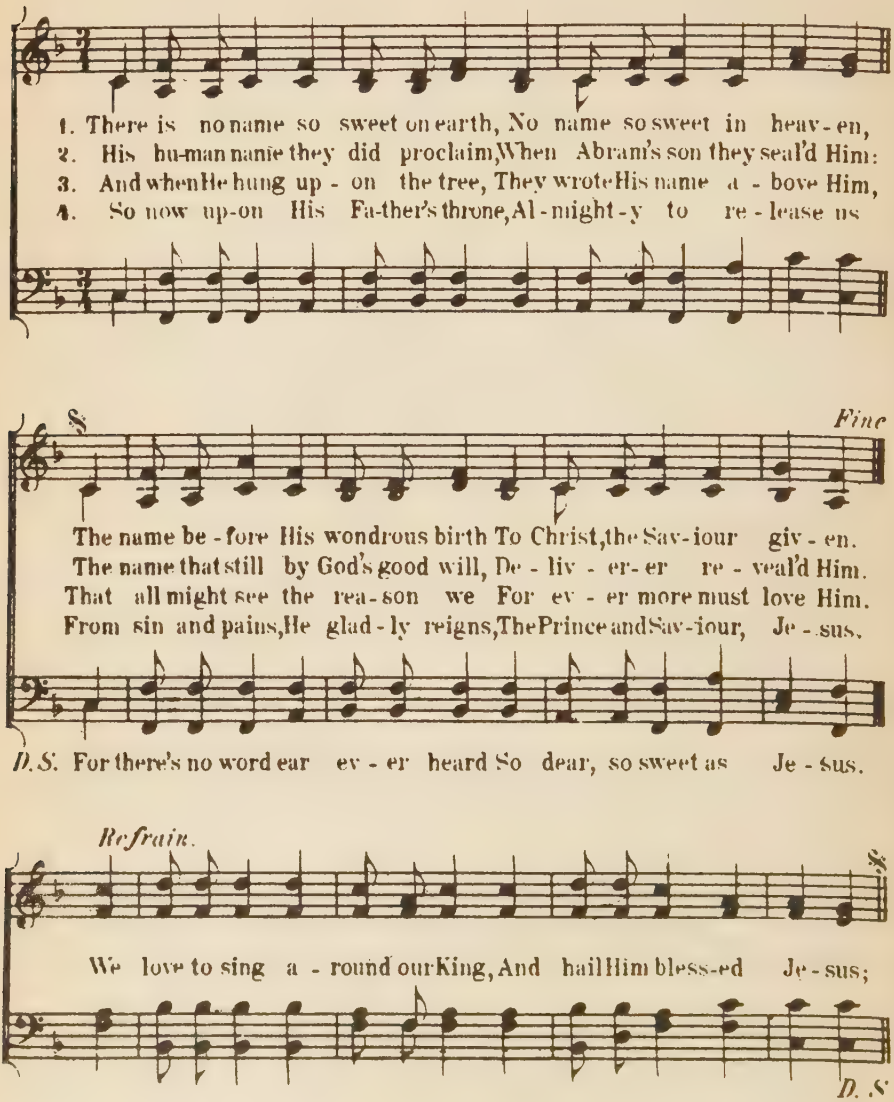
The Lord Is Thy Keeper.

Frances R. Havergal. German.


1. Now the light has gone a-way, Sav-iour, lis-ten while I pray,
2. Je-sus, Saviour, wash a-way All that has been wrong to day,
3. Let my near and dear ones be Al-ways near and dear to Thee,
Ask-ing Thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui-et sleep.
Help me ev'-ry day to be Good and gen-tle, more like Thee.
O, bring me and all I love To Thy hap-py home a-bove.

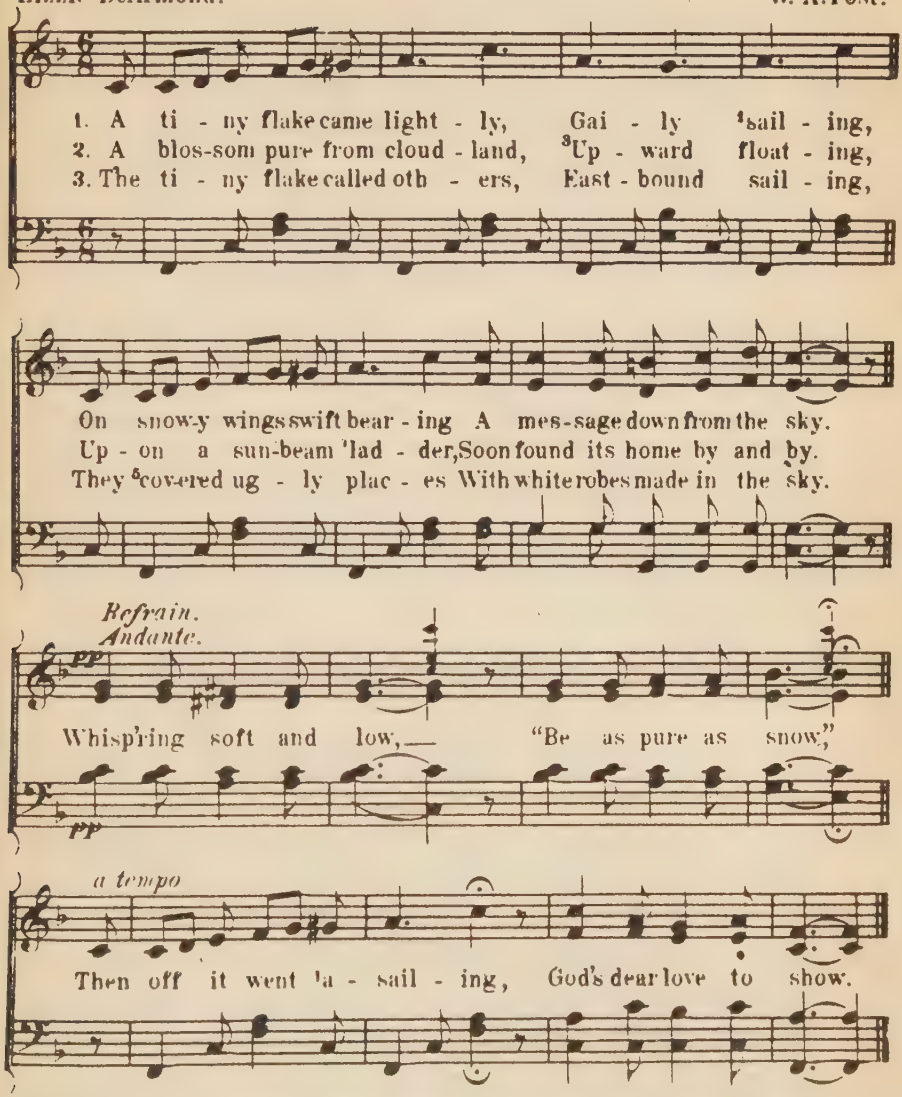
The Sweetest Name.

Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Bethune. Wm B. Bradbury.


1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en,
2. His hu-man name they did proclaim, When Abram's son they seal'd Him:
3. And when He hung up-on the tree, They wrote His name a-bove Him,
4. So now up-on His Fa-ther's throne, Al-might-y to re-lease us
Fine
The name be-fore His wondrous birth To Christ, the Sav-iour giv-en.
The name that still by God's good will, De-liv-er-er re-veal'd Him.
That all might see the rea-son we For ev-er more must love Him.
From sin and pains, He glad-ly reigns, The Prince and Sav-iour, Je-sus.
D.S. For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet as Je-sus.
Refrain.
We love to sing a-round our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je-sus;
D. S

A Tiny Flake Came Sailing.

Lizzie DeArmond. W. A. Post.


1. A ti - ny flake came light - ly, Gai - ly [4]sail - ing,
2. A blos-som pure from cloud - land, [3]Up - ward float - ing,
3. The ti - ny flake called oth - ers, East - bound sail - ing,
On snow-y wings swift bear - ing A mes-sage down from the sky.
Up - on a sun-beam [4]lad - der, Soon found its home by and by.
They [5]cov-ered ug - ly plac - es With white robes made in the sky.
Refrain.
Andante.
pp
Whisp'ring soft and low,— "Be as pure as snow,"
pp
a tempo
Then off it went [4]a - sail - ing, God's dear love to show.

Motions:— 1. Sailing motion, right hand. 2. Wave arms like wings. 3. Upward floating motion, both hands. 4. Move right hand diagonally upwards. 5. Spreading motion, both hands.

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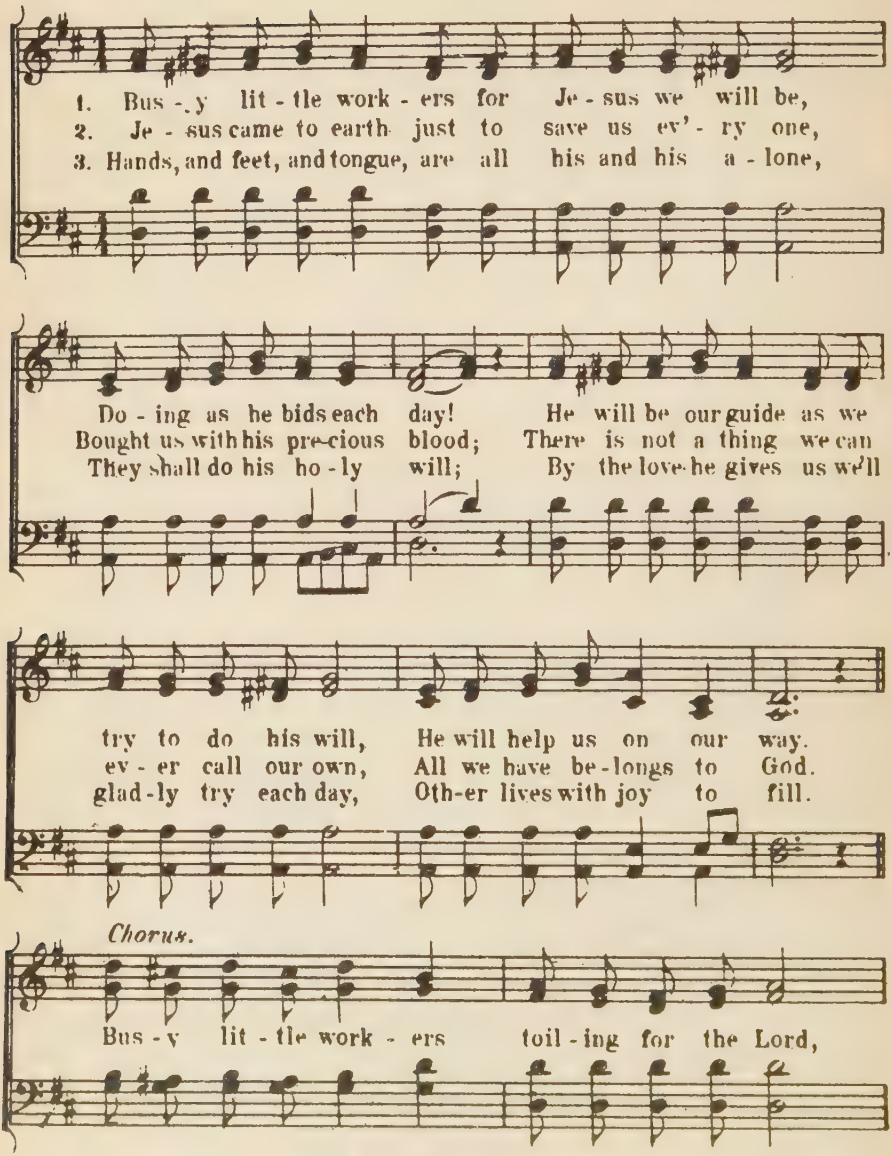
Busy Little Workers.

(Rally or Missionary.)

Mrs. C. D. Martin. S. Stillman Martin.

1. Bus - y lit - tle work - ers for Je - sus we will be,
2. Je - sus came to earth just to save us ev' - ry one,
3. Hands, and feet, and tongue, are all his and his a - lone,
Do - ing as he bids each day! He will be our guide as we
Bought us with his pre-cious blood; There is not a thing we can
They shall do his ho - ly will; By the love he gives us we'll
try to do his will, He will help us on our way.
ev - er call our own, All we have be-longs to God.
glad - ly try each day, Oth-er lives with joy to fill.
Chorus.
Bus - y lit - tle work - ers toil - ing for the Lord,

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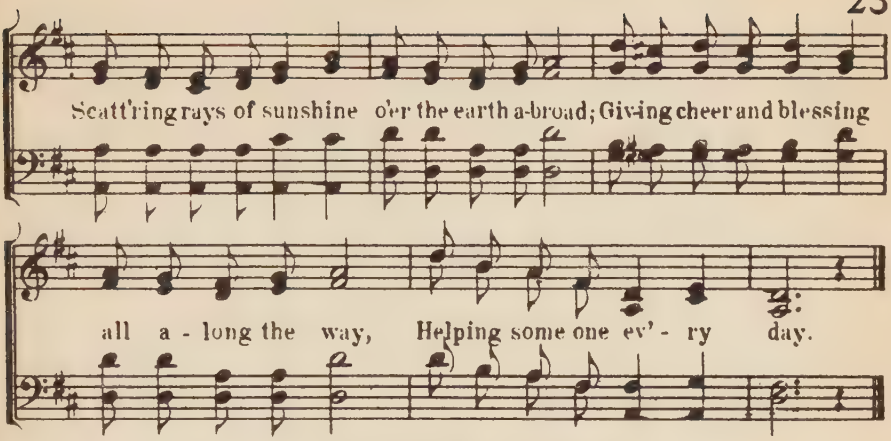
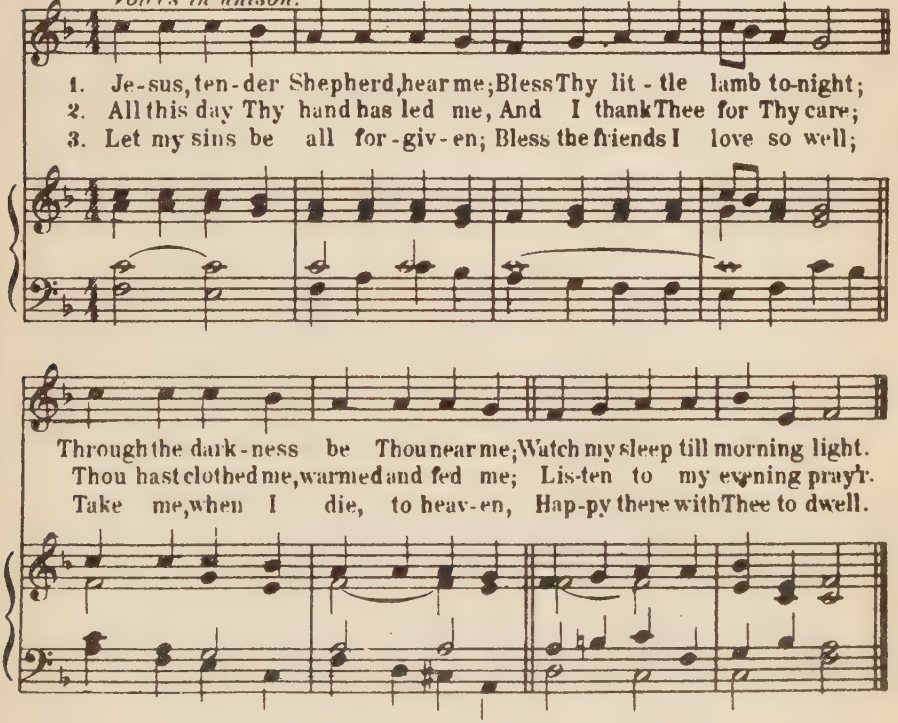


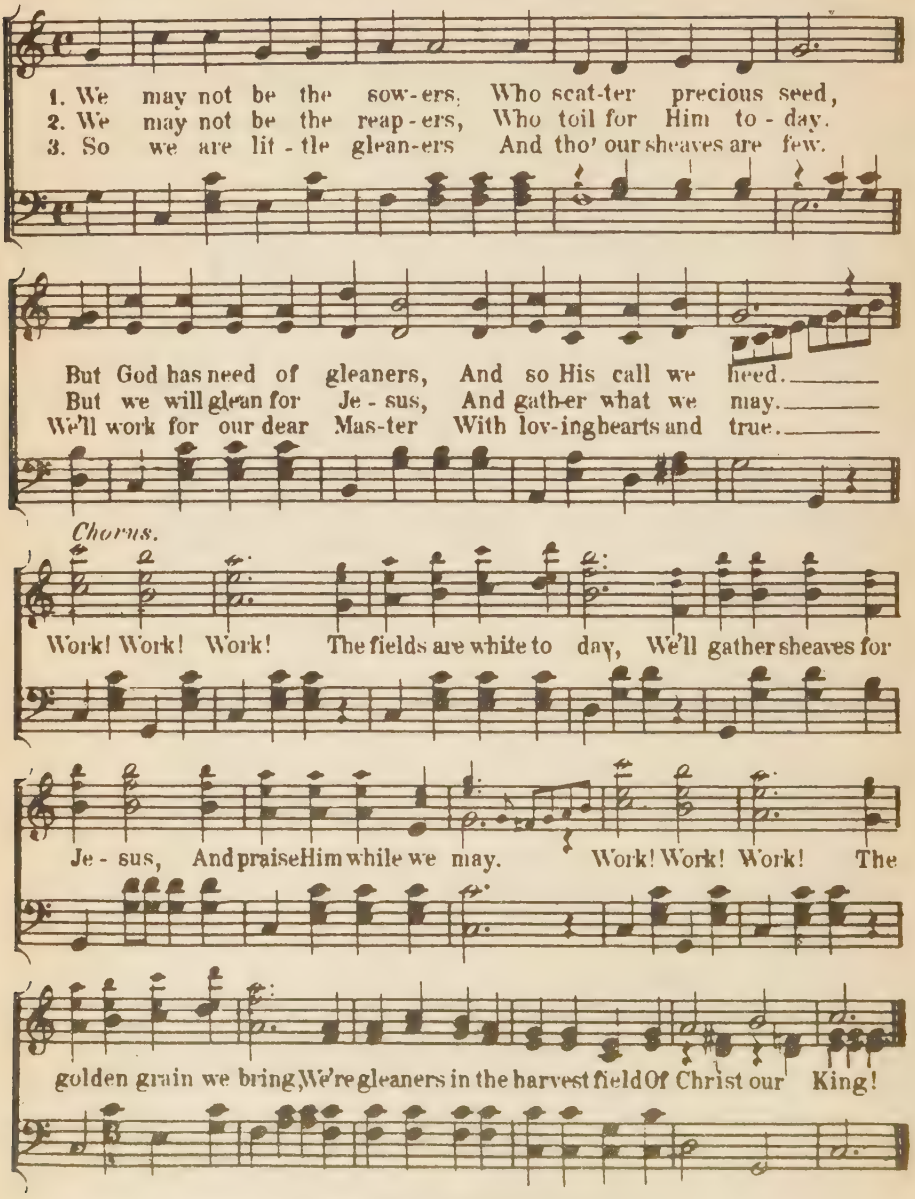
Evening Prayer.

Mary L. Duncan, 1839. J. Stainer.

Voices in unison.


1. Je-sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for-giv-en; Bless the friends I love so well;
Through the dark-ness be Thou near me; Watch my sleep till morning light.
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me; Lis-ten to my evening pray'r.
Take me, when I die, to heav-en, Hap-py there with Thee to dwell.

God's Gleaners.

Elsie Duncan Yale. W. A. Post.

1. We may not be the sow-ers, Who scat-ter precious seed,
2. We may not be the reap-ers, Who toil for Him to-day.
3. So we are lit-tle glean-ers And tho' our sheaves are few.
But God has need of gleaners, And so His call we heed.
But we will glean for Je-sus, And gath-er what we may.
We'll work for our dear Mas-ter With lov-ing hearts and true.
Chorus.
Work! Work! Work! The fields are white to day, We'll gather sheaves for
Je-sus, And praise Him while we may. Work! Work! Work! The
golden grain we bring, We're gleaners in the harvest field Of Christ our King!

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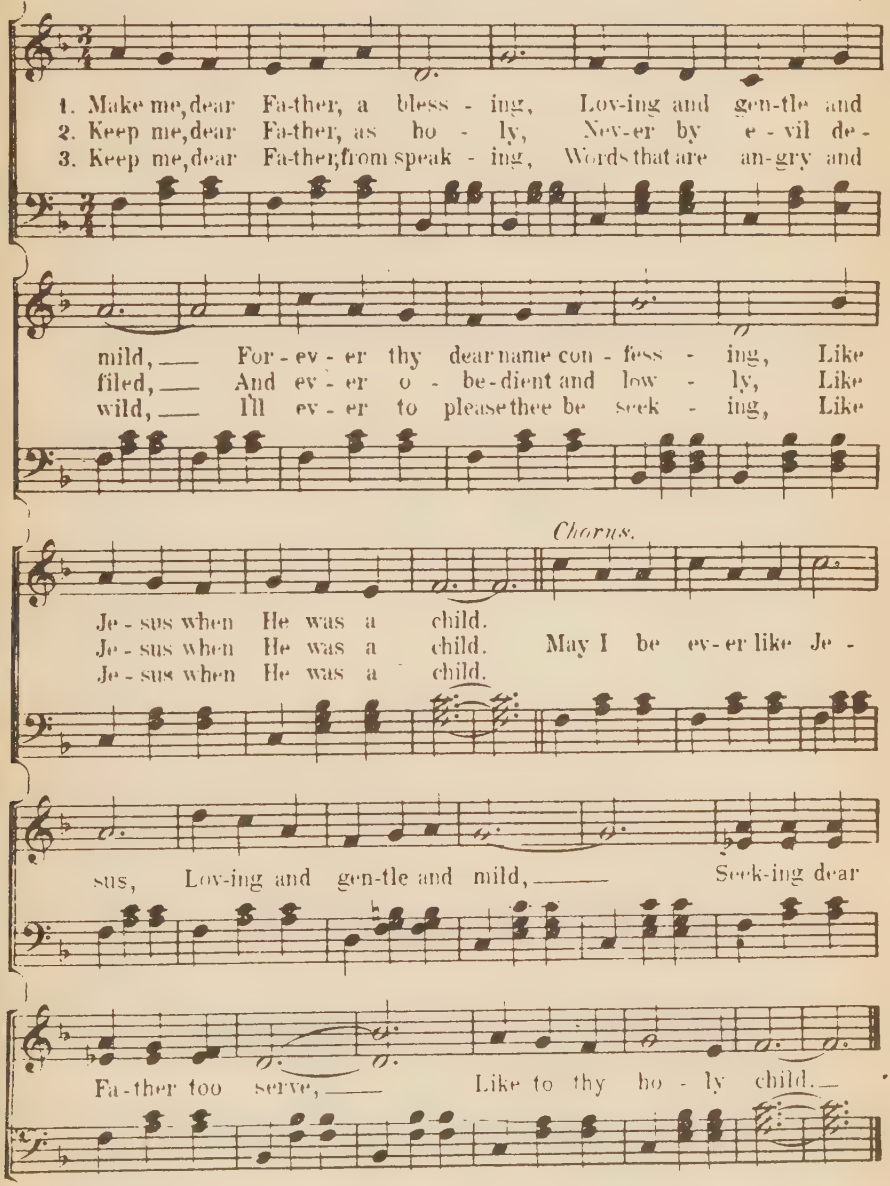
Like Jesus.

Elsie Duncan Yale. Herbert J. Lacey.

1. Make me, dear Fa-ther, a bless - ing, Lov-ing and gen-tle and
2. Keep me, dear Fa-ther, as ho - ly, Nev-er by e - vil de -
3. Keep me, dear Fa-ther, from speak - ing, Words that are an-gry and
mild, — For - ev - er thy dear name con - fess - ing, Like
filed, — And ev - er o - be-dient and low - ly, Like
wild, — I'll ev - er to please thee be seek - ing, Like
Chorus.
Je - sus when He was a child.
Je - sus when He was a child.
Je - sus when He was a child.
May I be ev - er like Je -
sus, Lov-ing and gen-tle and mild, — Seek-ing dear
Fa-ther too serve, — Like to thy ho - ly child.

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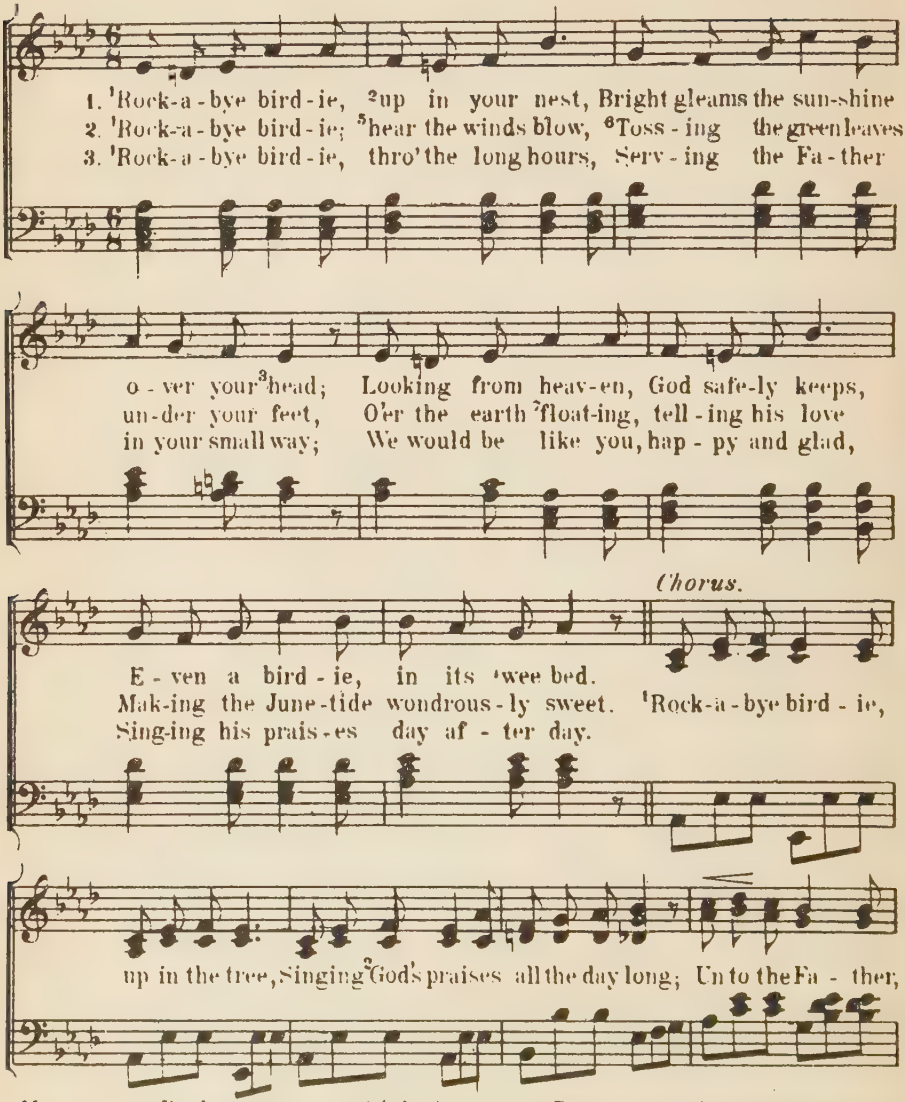
Rock-a-Bye Birdie.

Lizzie DeArmond. W. A. Post.


1. [1]Rock-a-bye bird-ie, [2]up in your nest, Bright gleams the sun-shine
2. [1]Rock-a-bye bird-ie; [5]hear the winds blow, [6]Toss-ing the green leaves
3. [1]Rock-a-bye bird-ie, thro' the long hours, Serv-ing the Fa-ther
o-ver your [3]head; Looking from heav-en, God safe-ly keeps,
un-der your feet, O'er the earth [7]float-ing, tell-ing his love
in your small way; We would be like you, hap-py and glad,
Chorus.
E-ven a bird-ie, in its [4]wee bed.
Mak-ing the June-tide wondrous-ly sweet. [1]Rock-a-bye bird-ie,
Sing-ing his prais-es day af-ter day.
up in the tree, Singing [2]God's praises all the day long; Un to the Fa-ther,

Motions:— 1. Rocking motion, with both arms. 2. Point up. 3. More right hand over head. 4 Bring hands together, forming "wee nest." 5. Raise index finger of right hand, bending forward, listening attitude. 6. Toss hands upward. 7. Floating motion, both hands.

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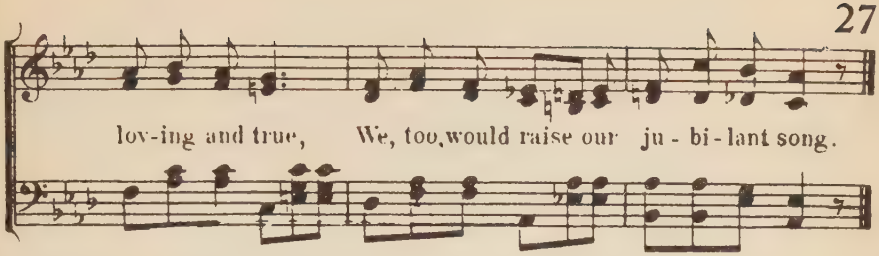
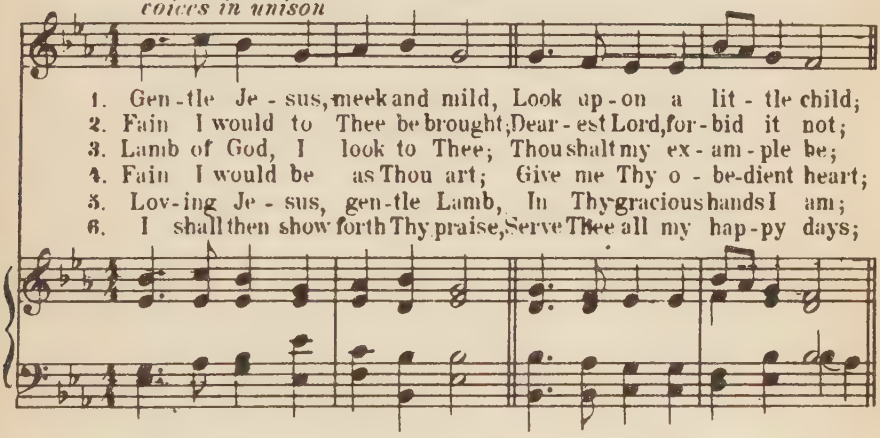
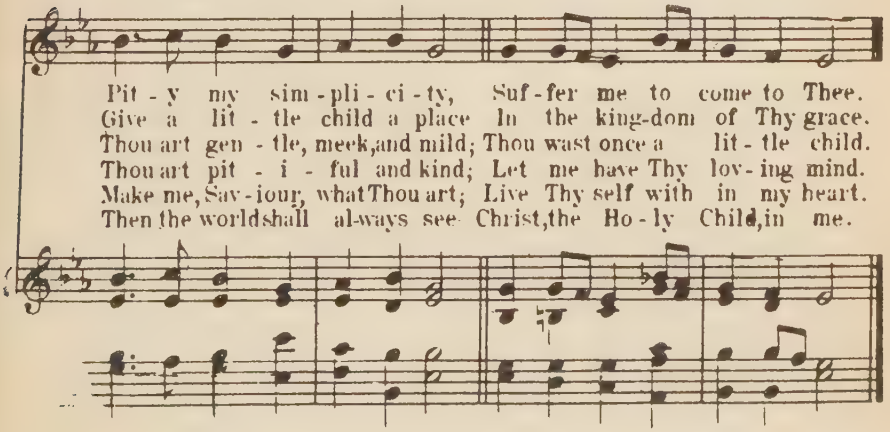


Simplicity.

Rev. C. Wesley, 1742. J. Stainer.

voices in unison

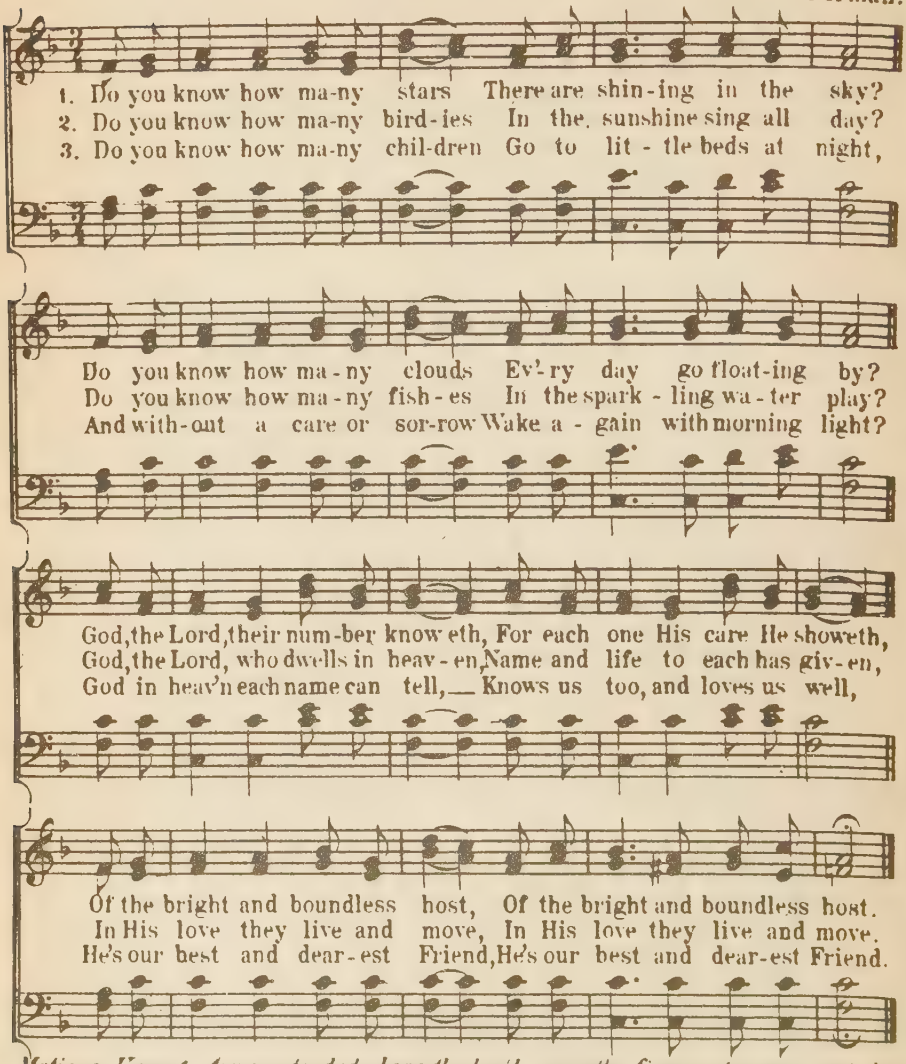

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
2. Fain I would to Thee be brought; Dear - est Lord, for - bid it not;
3. Lamb of God, I look to Thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be;
4. Fain I would be as Thou art; Give me Thy o - be - dient heart;
5. Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In Thy gracious hands I am;
6. I shall then show forth Thy praise, Serve Thee all my hap - py days;


Pit - y my sim - pli - ci - ty, Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
Give a lit - tle child a place In the king - dom of Thy grace.
Thou art gen - tle, meek, and mild; Thou wast once a lit - tle child.
Thou art pit - i - ful and kind; Let me have Thy lov - ing mind.
Make me, Sav - iour, what Thou art; Live Thy self with in my heart.
Then the world shall al - ways see Christ, the Ho - ly Child, in me.

28 Do You Know How Many Stars?

(Motions ad lib.)

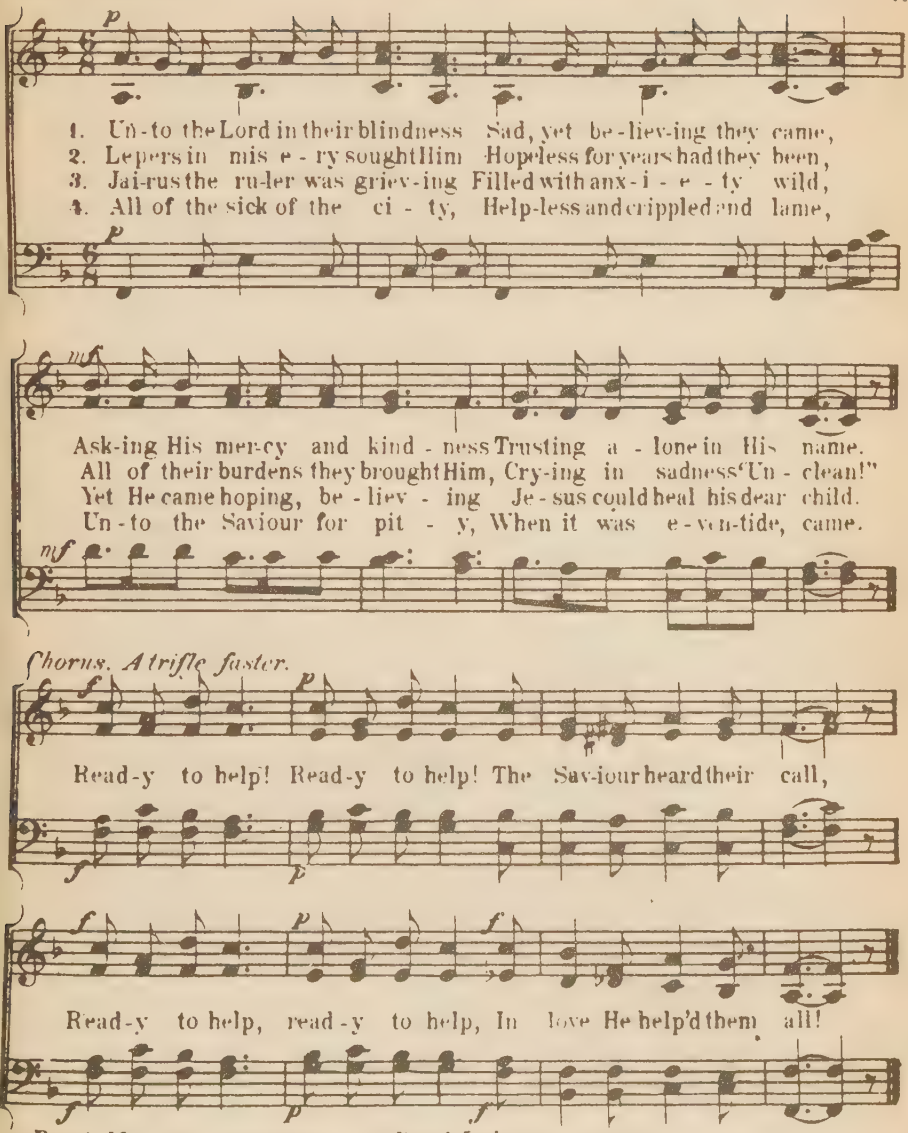
From the German.


1. Do you know how ma-ny stars There are shin-ing in the sky?
2. Do you know how ma-ny bird-ies In the sunshine sing all day?
3. Do you know how ma-ny chil-dren Go to lit-tle beds at night,
Do you know how ma-ny clouds Ev'-ry day go float-ing by?
Do you know how ma-ny fish-es In the spark-ling wa-ter play?
And with-out a care or sor-row Wake a-gain with morning light?
God, the Lord, their num-ber know-eth, For each one His care He showeth,
God, the Lord, who dwells in heav-en, Name and life to each has giv-en,
God in heav'n each name can tell,— Knows us too, and loves us well,
Of the bright and boundless host, Of the bright and boundless host.
In His love they live and move, In His love they live and move.
He's our best and dear-est Friend, He's our best and dear-est Friend.

Motions: Verse 1. Arms extended above the head; move the fingers to represent the stars. Extend the arms in front and wave the hands to show clouds. Verse 2. Extend the arms to the right and left, and move them to imitate the flying of the birds. Extend the hands and move from right to left in front to represent fishes. Verse 3. Bow the head on the hands and shut the eyes, opening them at the words, "Wake again."

Miracle Song.

Elsie Duncan Yale. W. A. Post.


1. Un-to the Lord in their blindness Sad, yet be-liev-ing they came,
2. Lepers in mis e-ry sought Him Hopeless for years had they been,
3. Jai-rus the ru-ler was griev-ing Filled with anx-i-e-ty wild,
4. All of the sick of the ci-ty, Help-less and crippled and lame,
Ask-ing His mer-cy and kind-ness Trusting a-lone in His name.
All of their burdens they brought Him, Cry-ing in sadness "Un-clean!"
Yet He came hoping, be-liev-ing Je-sus could heal his dear child.
Un-to the Saviour for pit-y, When it was e-ven-tide, came.
Chorus. A trifle faster.
Read-y to help! Read-y to help! The Sav-iour heard their call,
Read-y to help, read-y to help, In love He help'd them all!

1. Read Matt 20: 30-34. 2. Read Luke 17: 11-20.
3. Read Luke 8: 41-56. 4. Read Mark 1: 32, 33.

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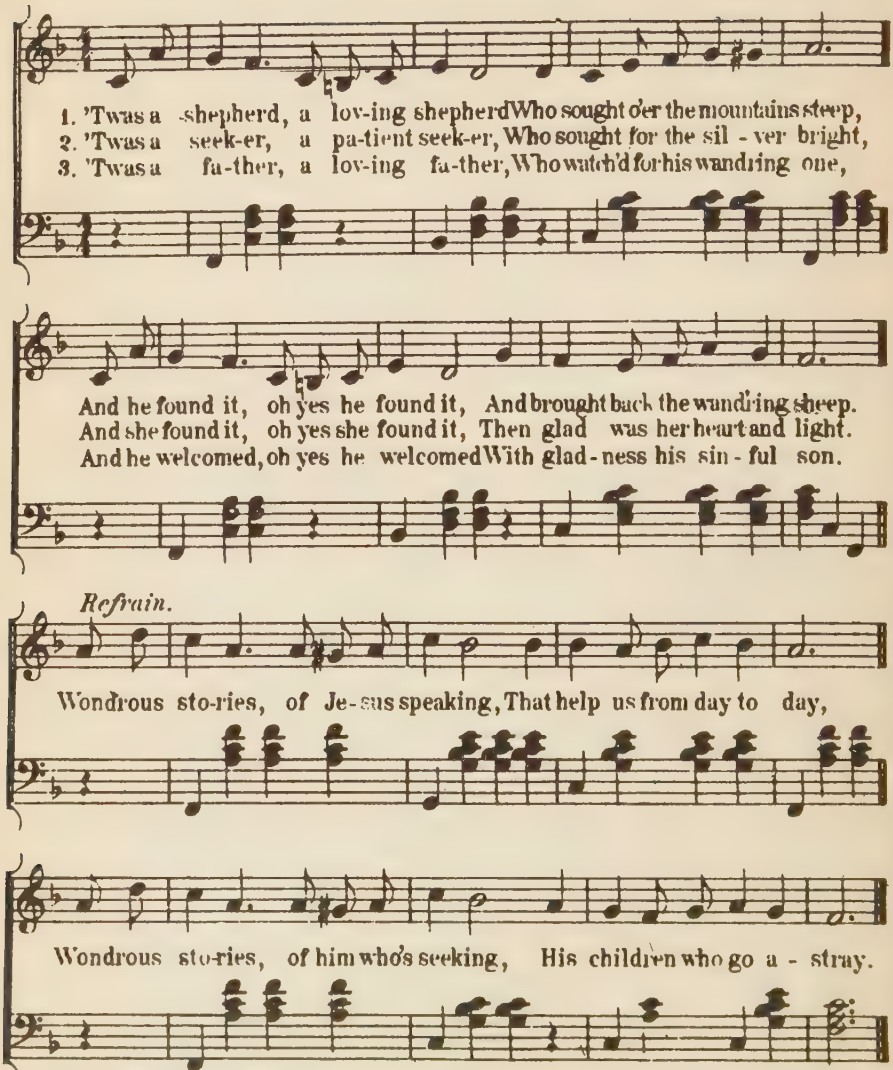
Parable Song.

Elsie Duncan Yale. Howard E. Smith.


1. 'Twas a shepherd, a lov-ing shepherd Who sought o'er the mountains steep,
2. 'Twas a seek-er, a pa-tient seek-er, Who sought for the sil - ver bright,
3. 'Twas a fa-ther, a lov-ing fa-ther, Who watch'd for his wand'ring one,
And he found it, oh yes he found it, And brought back the wand'ring sheep.
And she found it, oh yes she found it, Then glad was her heart and light.
And he welcomed, oh yes he welcomed With glad - ness his sin - ful son.
Refrain.
Wondrous sto-ries, of Je-sus speaking, That help us from day to day,
Wondrous sto-ries, of him who's seeking, His children who go a - stray.

1. Read Luke 15: 4-8
2. Read Luke 15: 8-11
3. Read Luke 15: 11-32

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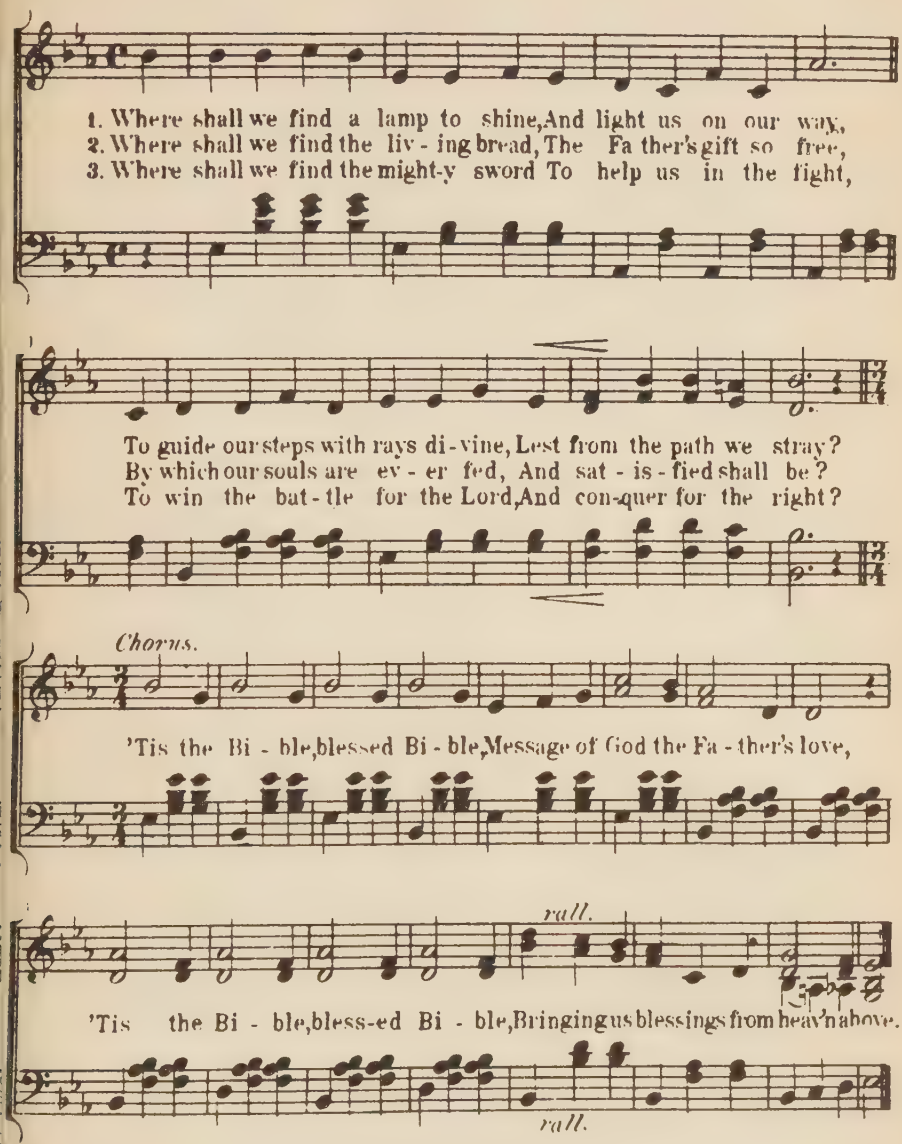
'Tis The Blessed Bible.

Elsie Duncan Yale. W. A. Post.


1. Where shall we find a lamp to shine, And light us on our way,
2. Where shall we find the liv - ing bread, The Fa ther's gift so free,
3. Where shall we find the might-y sword To help us in the fight,
To guide our steps with rays di - vine, Lest from the path we stray?
By which our souls are ev - er fed, And sat - is - fied shall be?
To win the bat - tle for the Lord, And con-quer for the right?
Chorus.
'Tis the Bi - ble, blessed Bi - ble, Message of God the Fa - ther's love,
rall.
'Tis the Bi - ble, bless-ed Bi - ble, Bringing us blessings from heav'n above.
rall.

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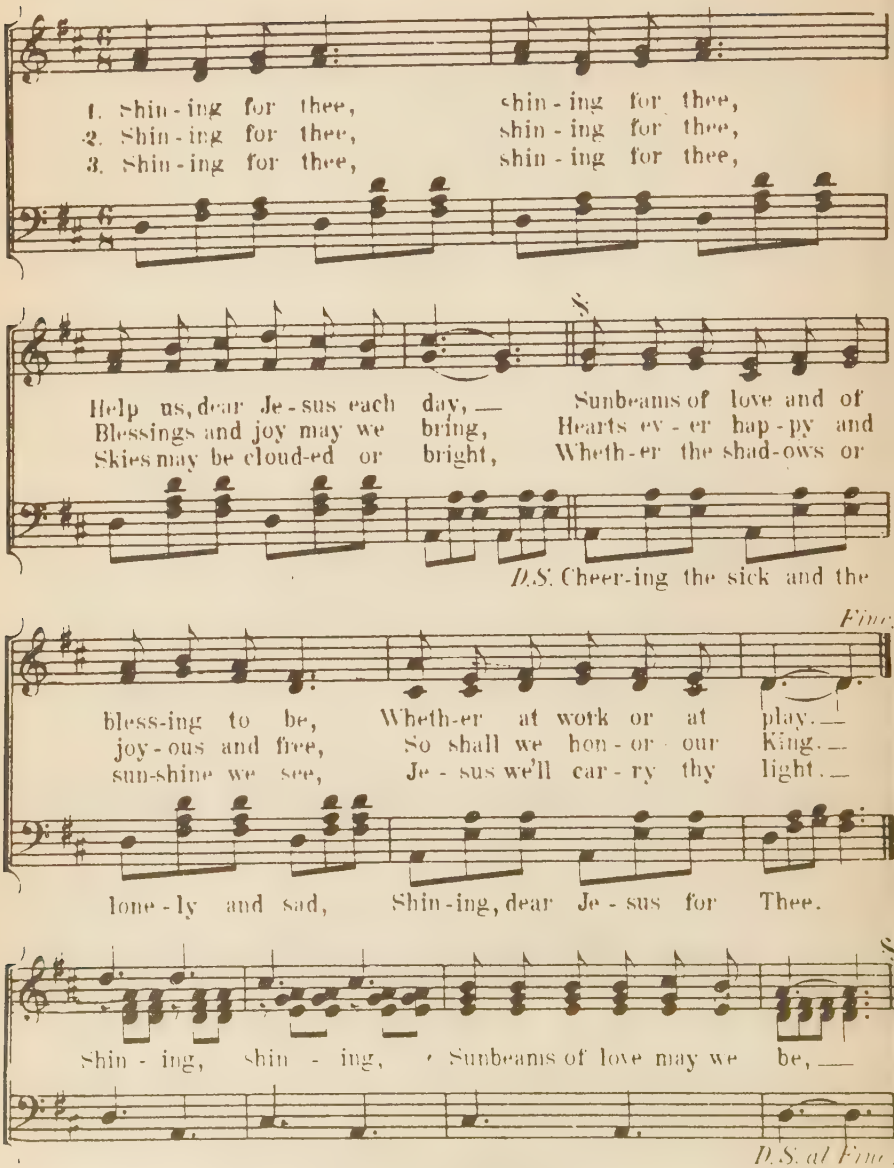
Shining for Thee.

Elsie Duncan Yale

A. A. Payn.


1. Shin-ing for thee, shin-ing for thee,
2. Shin-ing for thee, shin-ing for thee,
3. Shin-ing for thee, shin-ing for thee,
Help us, dear Je-sus each day, — Sunbeams of love and of
Blessings and joy may we bring, Hearts ev-er hap-py and
Skies may be cloud-ed or bright, Wheth-er the shad-ows or
D.S. Cheer-ing the sick and the
Fine.
bless-ing to be, Wheth-er at work or at play. —
joy-ous and free, So shall we hon-or our King. —
sun-shine we see, Je-sus we'll car-ry thy light. —
lone-ly and sad, Shin-ing, dear Je-sus for Thee.
Shin-ing, shin-ing, Sunbeams of love may we be, —
D.S. al Fine.

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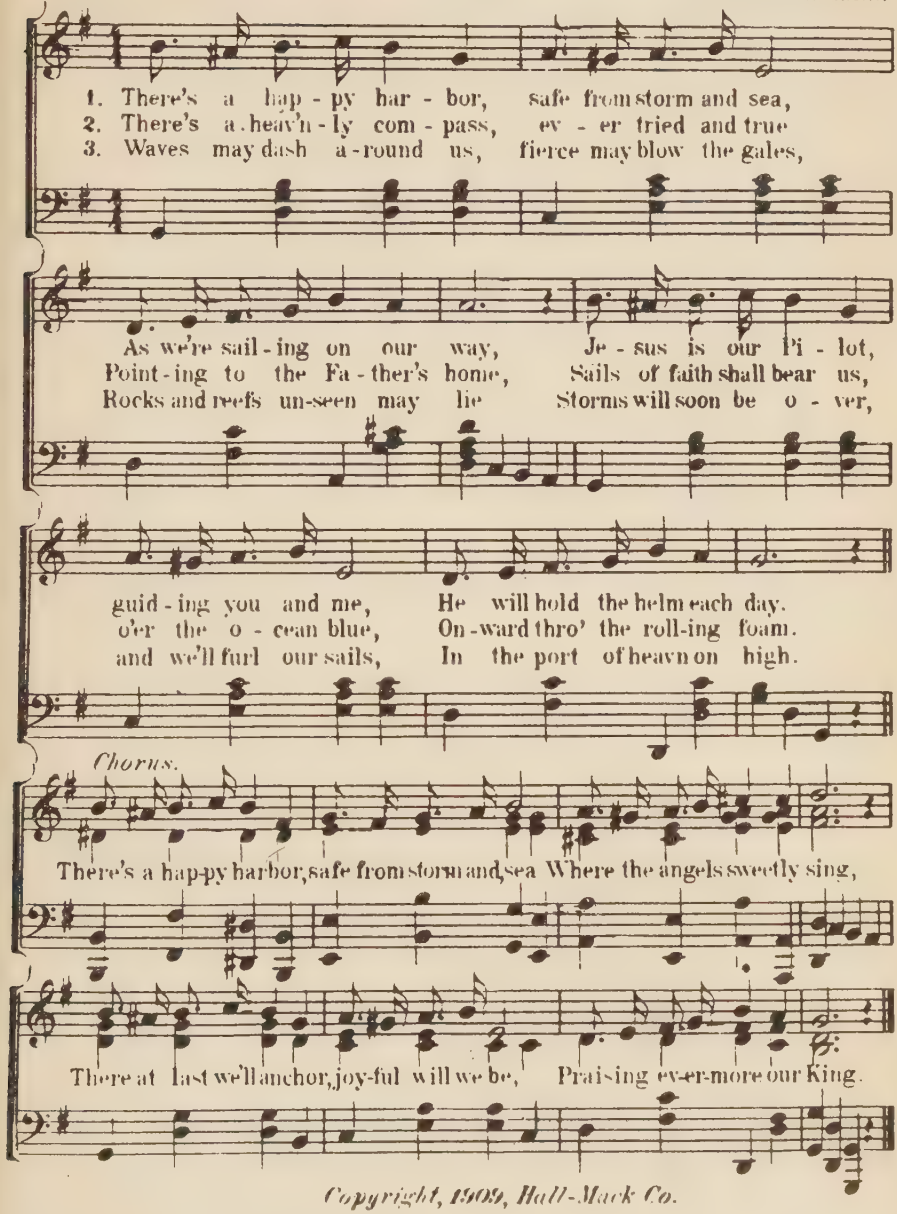
The Happy Harbor.

Elsie Duncan Yale. Howard E. Smith.


1. There's a hap - py har - bor, safe from storm and sea,
2. There's a heav'n - ly com - pass, ev - er tried and true
3. Waves may dash a - round us, fierce may blow the gales,
As we're sail - ing on our way, Je - sus is our Pi - lot,
Point - ing to the Fa - ther's home, Sails of faith shall bear us,
Rocks and reefs un-seen may lie Storms will soon be o - ver,
guid - ing you and me, He will hold the helm each day.
o'er the o - cean blue, On - ward thro' the roll-ing foam.
and we'll furl our sails, In the port of heavn on high.
Chorus.
There's a hap-py harbor, safe from storm and sea Where the angels sweetly sing,
There at last we'll anchor, joy-ful will we be, Prais-ing ev-er-more our King.

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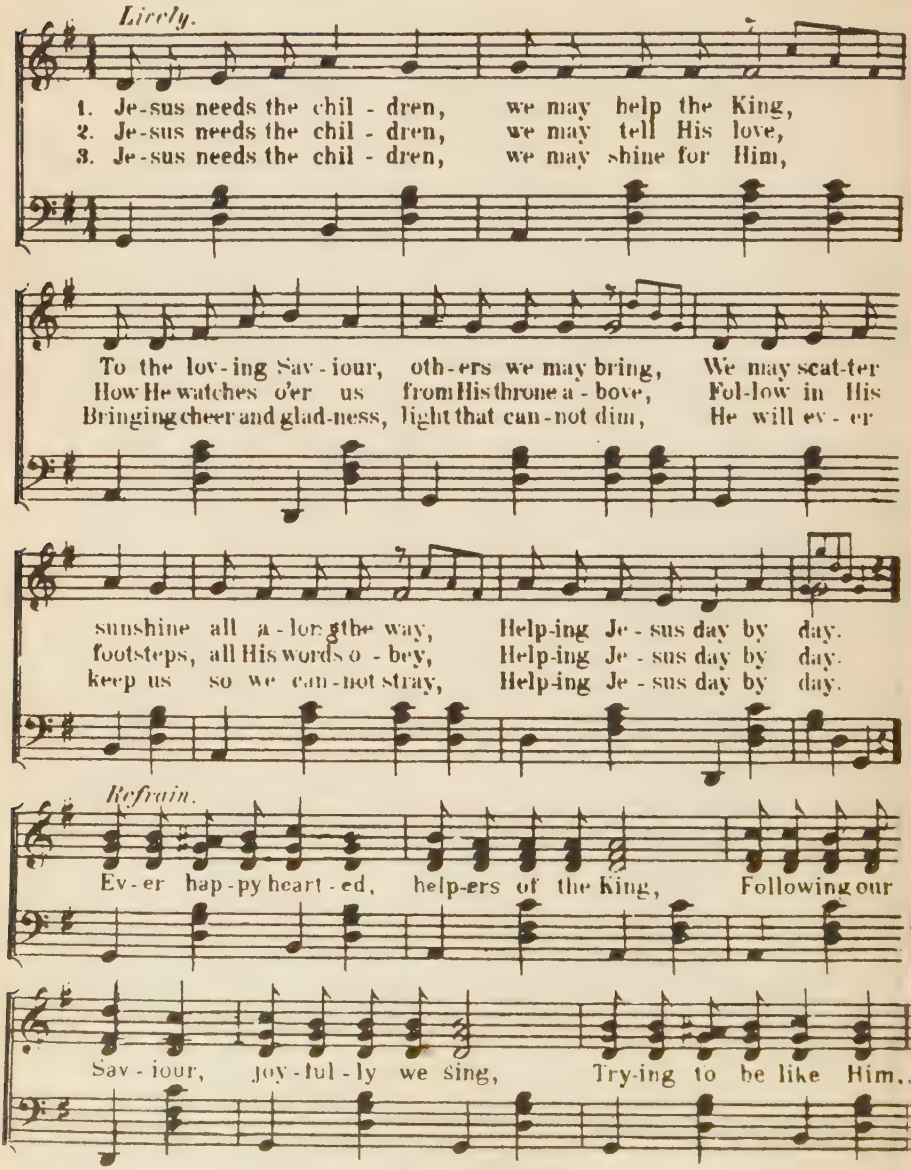
Helpers of the King.

Elsie Duncan Yale. Howard E. Smith.


Lively.
1. Je-sus needs the chil - dren, we may help the King,
2. Je-sus needs the chil - dren, we may tell His love,
3. Je-sus needs the chil - dren, we may shine for Him,
To the lov-ing Sav - iour, oth-ers we may bring, We may scat-ter
How He watches o'er us from His throne a - bove, Fol-low in His
Bringing cheer and glad-ness, light that can-not dim, He will ev - er
sunshine all a - long the way, Help-ing Je - sus day by day.
footsteps, all His words o - bey, Help-ing Je - sus day by day.
keep us so we can-not stray, Help-ing Je - sus day by day.
Refrain.
Ev-er hap-py heart-ed, help-ers of the King, Following our
Sav - iour, joy-ful-ly we sing, Try-ing to be like Him.

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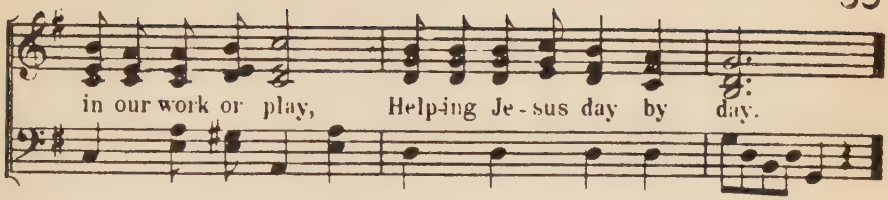
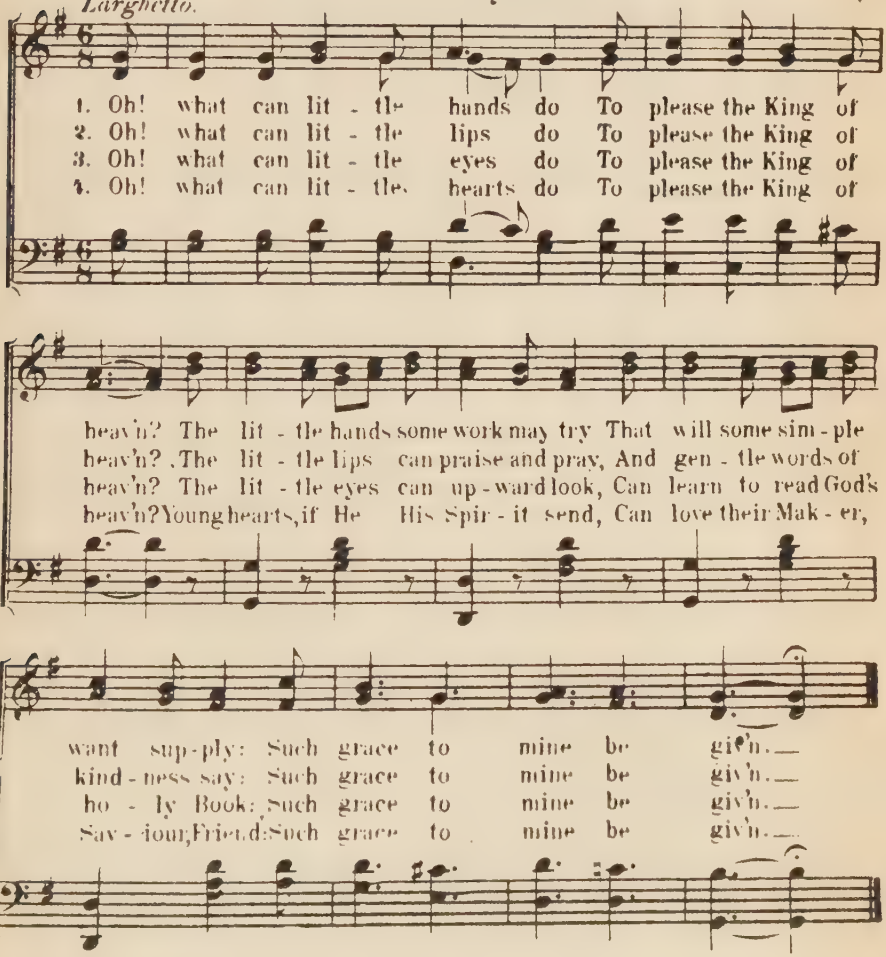


Oh! What can Little Hands Do?

(Duet or Melody in Unison.) J. S. Witty.

Larghetto.


1. Oh! what can lit - tle hands do To please the King of heav'n? The lit - tle hands some work may try That will some sim - ple want sup-ply: Such grace to mine be giv'n.
2. Oh! what can lit - tle lips do To please the King of heav'n? The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of kind - ness say: Such grace to mine be giv'n.
3. Oh! what can lit - tle eyes do To please the King of heav'n? The lit - tle eyes can up - ward look, Can learn to read God's ho - ly Book: Such grace to mine be giv'n.
4. Oh! what can lit - tle hearts do To please the King of heav'n? Young hearts, if He His Spir - it send, Can love their Mak - er, Sav - iour, Friend: Such grace to mine be giv'n.

God Is Near Me.

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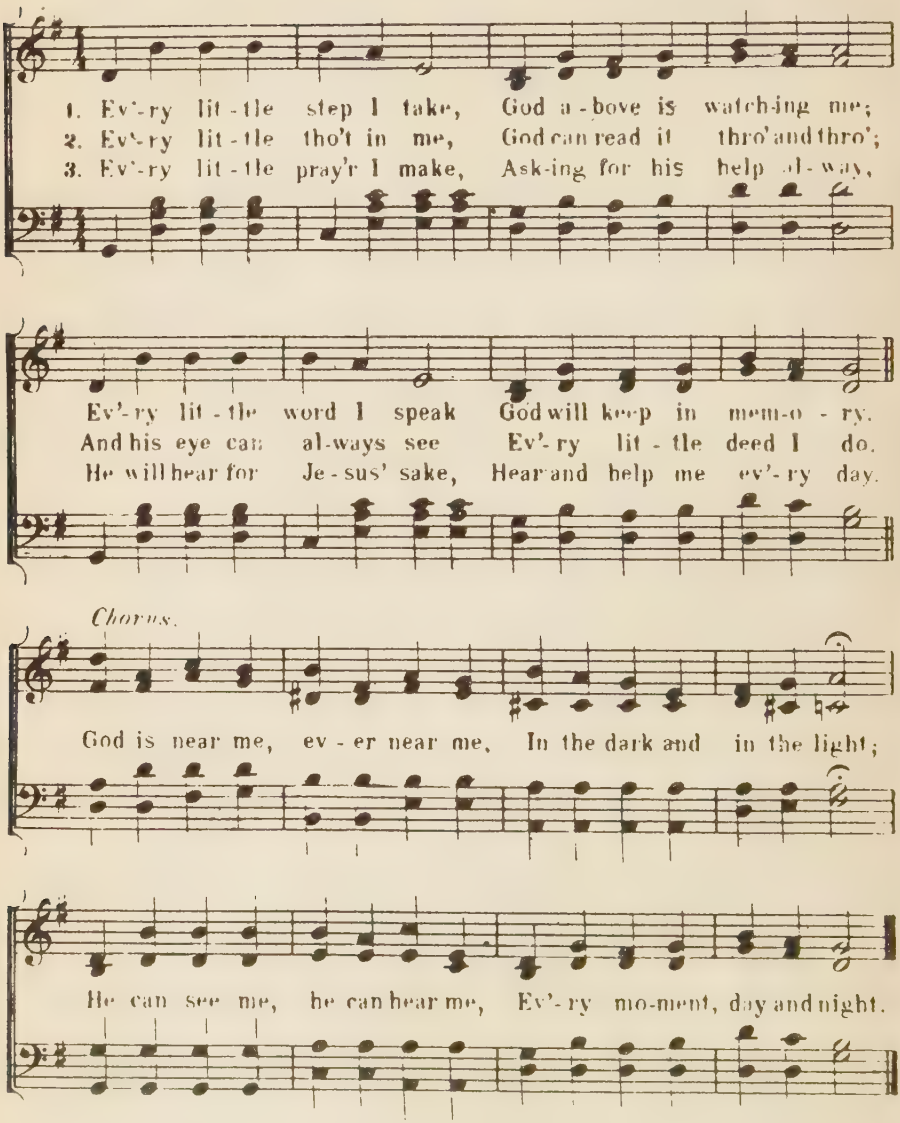
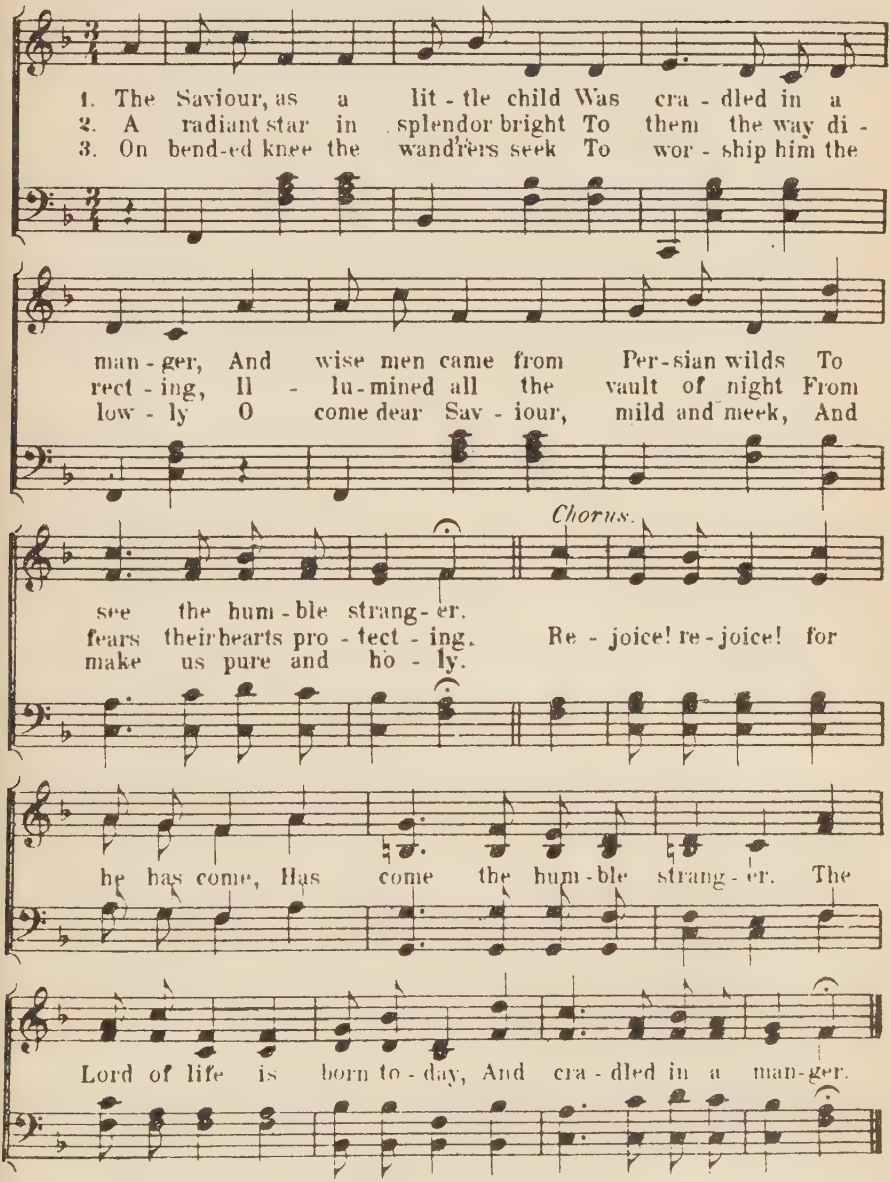
S. C. Kirk. Herbert J. Larry.


1. Ev'-ry lit-tle step I take, God a-bove is watch-ing me;
2. Ev'-ry lit-tle tho't in me, God can read it thro' and thro';
3. Ev'-ry lit-tle pray'r I make, Ask-ing for his help al-way,
Ev'-ry lit-tle word I speak God will keep in mem-o-ry.
And his eye can al-ways see Ev'-ry lit-tle deed I do.
He will hear for Je-sus' sake, Hear and help me ev'-ry day.
Chorus.
God is near me, ev-er near me, In the dark and in the light;
He can see me, he can hear me, Ev'-ry mo-ment, day and night.

A Little Child.

Irvin H. Mack. Howard Clare.

1. The Saviour, as a lit - tle child Was cra - dled in a
2. A radiant star in splendor bright To them the way di -
3. On bend-ed knee the wand'rers seek To wor - ship him the
man - ger, And wise men came from Per-sian wilds To
rect - ing, Il - lu-mined all the vault of night From
low - ly O come dear Sav - iour, mild and meek, And
Chorus.
see the hum - ble strang - er.
fears their hearts pro - tect - ing. Re - joice! re - joice! for
make us pure and ho - ly.
he has come, Has come the hum - ble strang - er. The
Lord of life is born to - day, And cra - dled in a man - ger.

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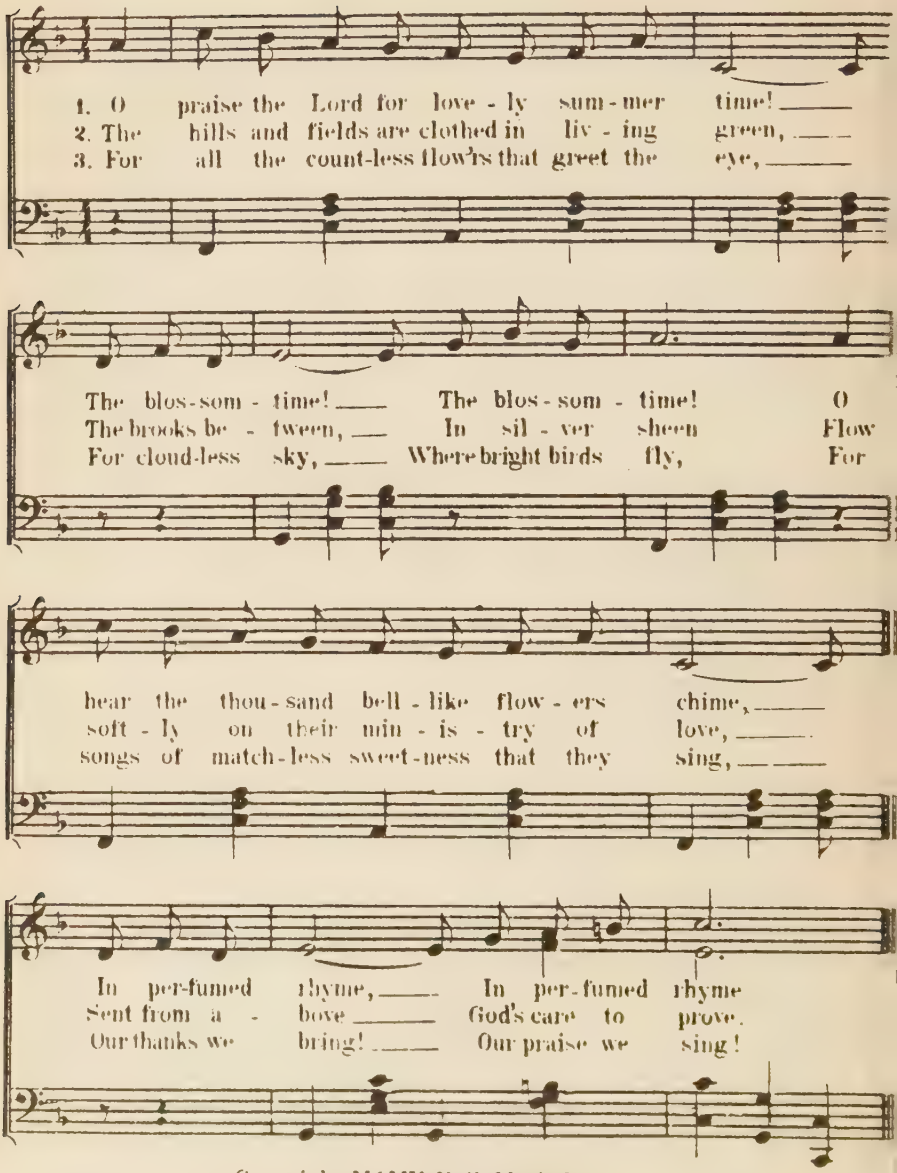
We Praise Thee.

Flora Kirkland. Howard E. Smith.


1. O praise the Lord for love - ly sum - mer time!
2. The hills and fields are clothed in liv - ing green,
3. For all the count-less flow'rs that greet the eye,
The blos-som - time! The blos - som - time! O
The brooks be - tween, In sil - ver sheen Flow
For cloud-less sky, Where bright birds fly, For
hear the thou - sand bell - like flow - ers chime,
soft - ly on their min - is - try of love,
songs of match-less sweet-ness that they sing,
In per-fumed rhyme, In per-fumed rhyme
Sent from a - bove God's care to prove.
Our thanks we bring! Our praise we sing!

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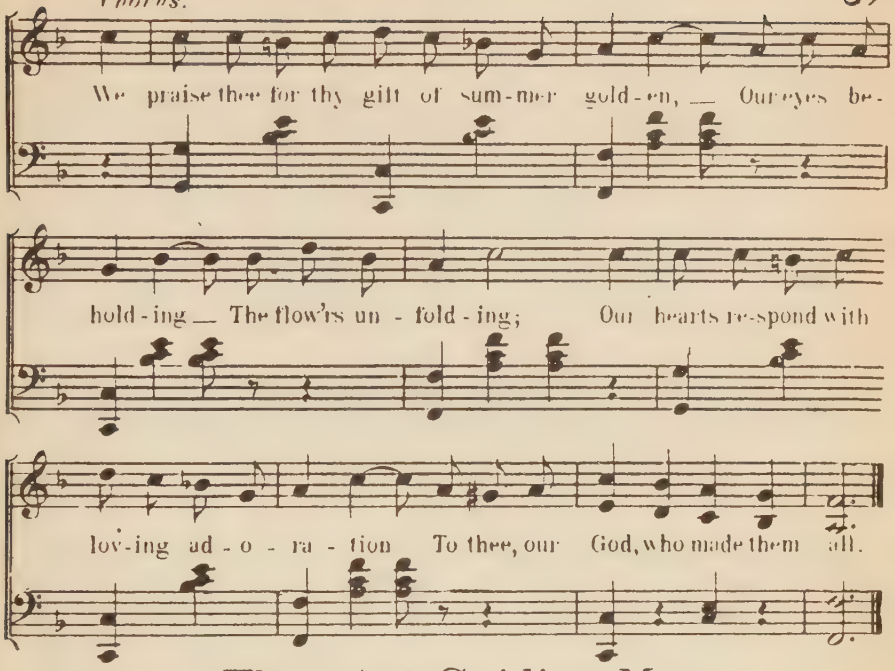
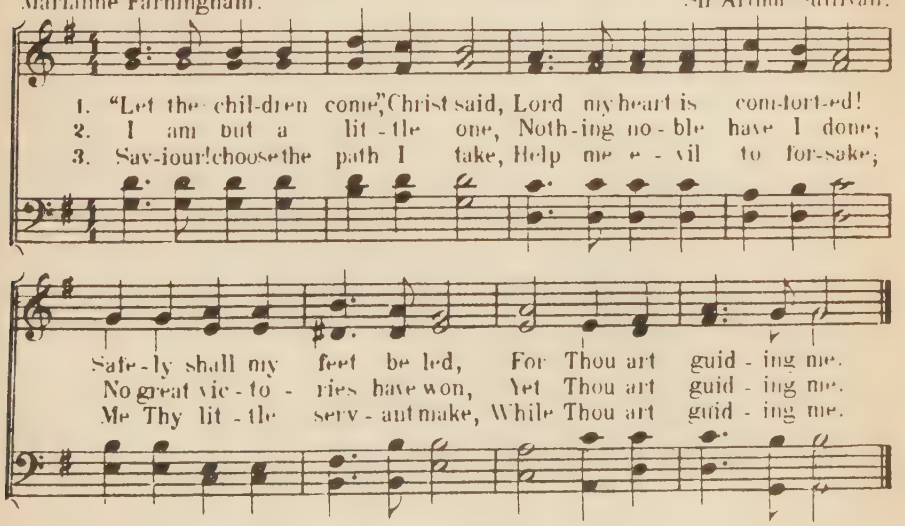
Chorus.


We praise thee for thy gift of sum-mer gold-en, Our eyes be-
hold-ing The flow'rs un - fold-ing; Our hearts re-spond with
lov-ing ad - o - ra - tion To thee, our God, who made them all.

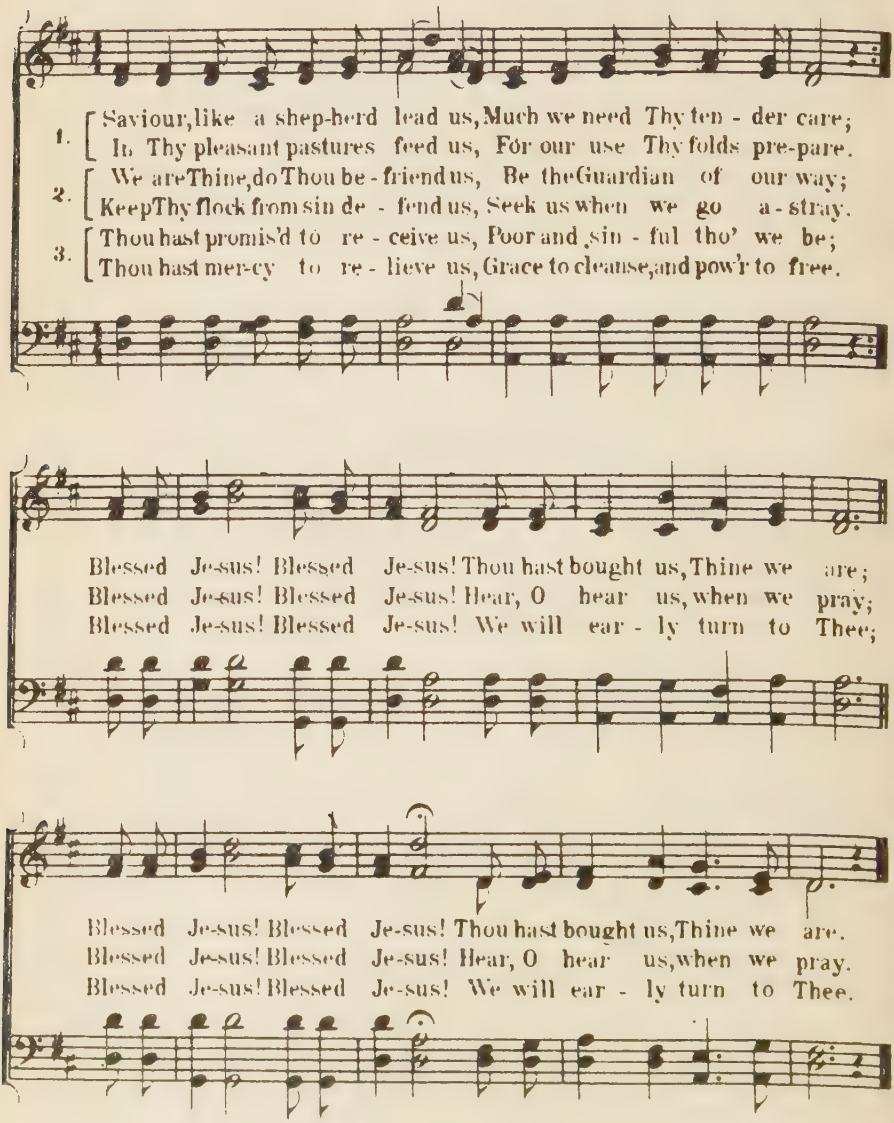
Thou Art Guiding Me.

Marianne Farningham. Sir Arthur Sullivan.


1. "Let the chil-dren come," Christ said, Lord my heart is com-fort-ed!
2. I am but a lit-tle one, Noth-ing no-ble have I done;
3. Sav-iour! choose the path I take, Help me e - vil to for-sake;
Safe-ly shall my feet be led, For Thou art guid - ing me.
No great vic-to - ries have won, Yet Thou art guid - ing me.
Me Thy lit-tle serv - ant make, While Thou art guid - ing me.

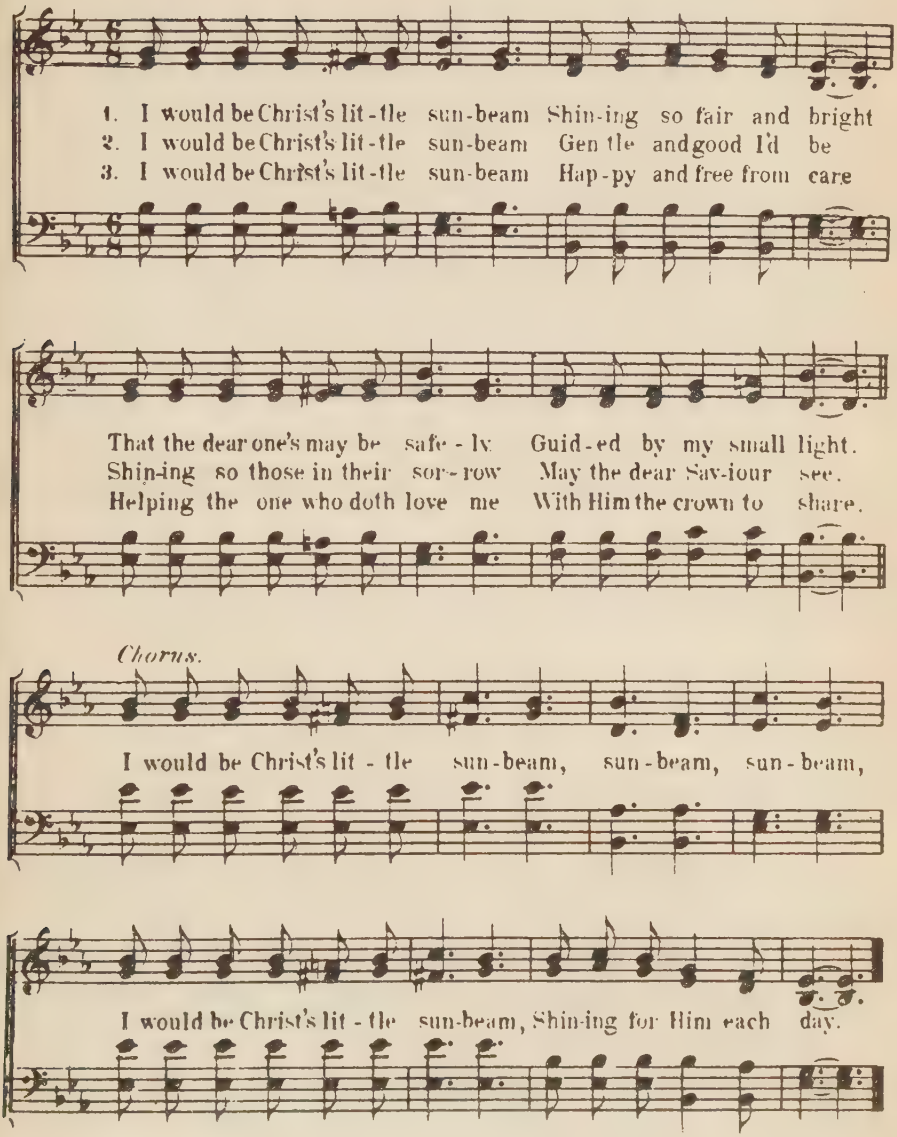
Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. Wm B. Bradbury.


1. Saviour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare.
2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
3. Thou hast promis'd to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be;
Thou hast mer-cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
Blessed Je-sus! Blessed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Blessed Je-sus! Blessed Je-sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
Blessed Je-sus! Blessed Je-sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee;
Blessed Je-sus! Blessed Je-sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Blessed Je-sus! Blessed Je-sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
Blessed Je-sus! Blessed Je-sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

Christ's Little Sunbeam. 41

A. J. Alfred Judson.


1. I would be Christ's lit-tle sun-beam Shin-ing so fair and bright
2. I would be Christ's lit-tle sun-beam Gen tle and good I'd be
3. I would be Christ's lit-tle sun-beam Hap-py and free from care
That the dear one's may be safe-ly Guid-ed by my small light.
Shin-ing so those in their sor-row May the dear Sav-iour see.
Helping the one who doth love me With Him the crown to share.
Chorus.
I would be Christ's lit-tle sun-beam, sun-beam, sun-beam,
I would be Christ's lit-tle sun-beam, Shin-ing for Him each day.

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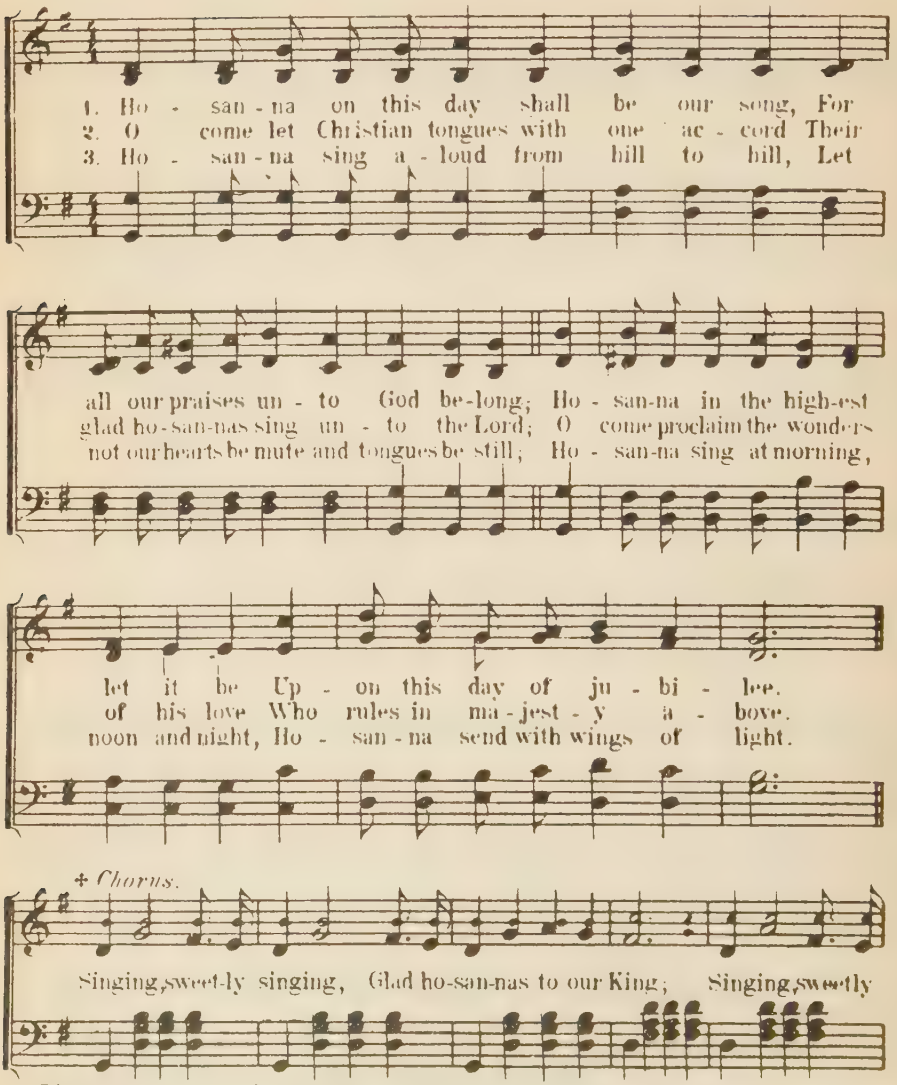
42

Hosanna On This Day.

Irvin H. Mack. J. Lincoln Hall.


1. Ho - san - na on this day shall be our song, For all our praises un - to God be-long; Ho - san-na in the high-est let it be Up - on this day of ju - bi - lee.
2. O come let Christian tongues with one ac - cord Their glad ho-san-nas sing un - to the Lord; O come proclaim the wonders of his love Who rules in ma - jest - y a - bove.
3. Ho - san - na sing a - loud from hill to hill, Let not our hearts be mute and tongues be still; Ho - san-na sing at morning, noon and night, Ho - san - na send with wings of light.
+ Chorus.
Singing, sweet-ly singing, Glad ho-san-nas to our King; Singing, sweetly

+) *The lower part is the melody. A good effect, if boys are taught one part and girls the other. If this is impracticable teach whole school lower part and have upper part taken by a few selected voices or by instruments.*

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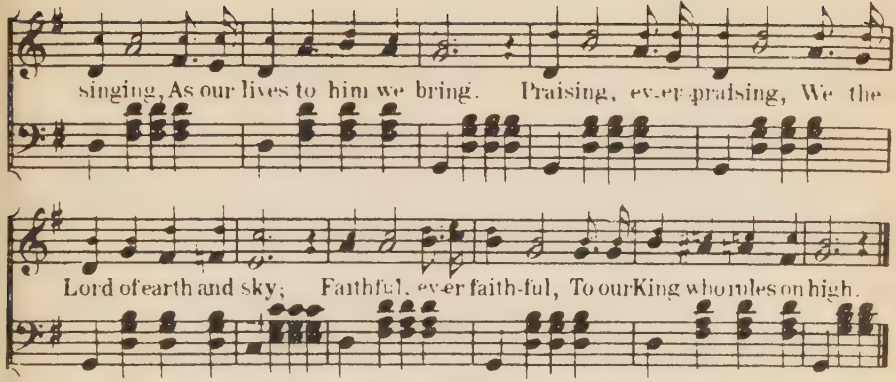
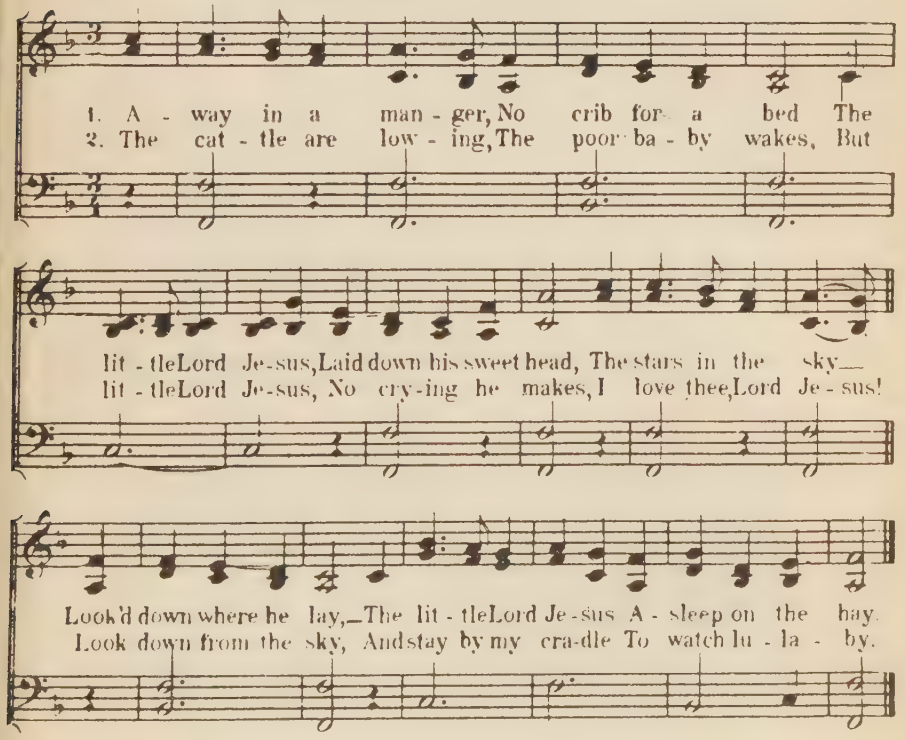

singing, As our lives to him we bring. Praising, ev-er praising, We the
Lord of earth and sky; Faithful, ev-er faith-ful, To our King who rules on high.

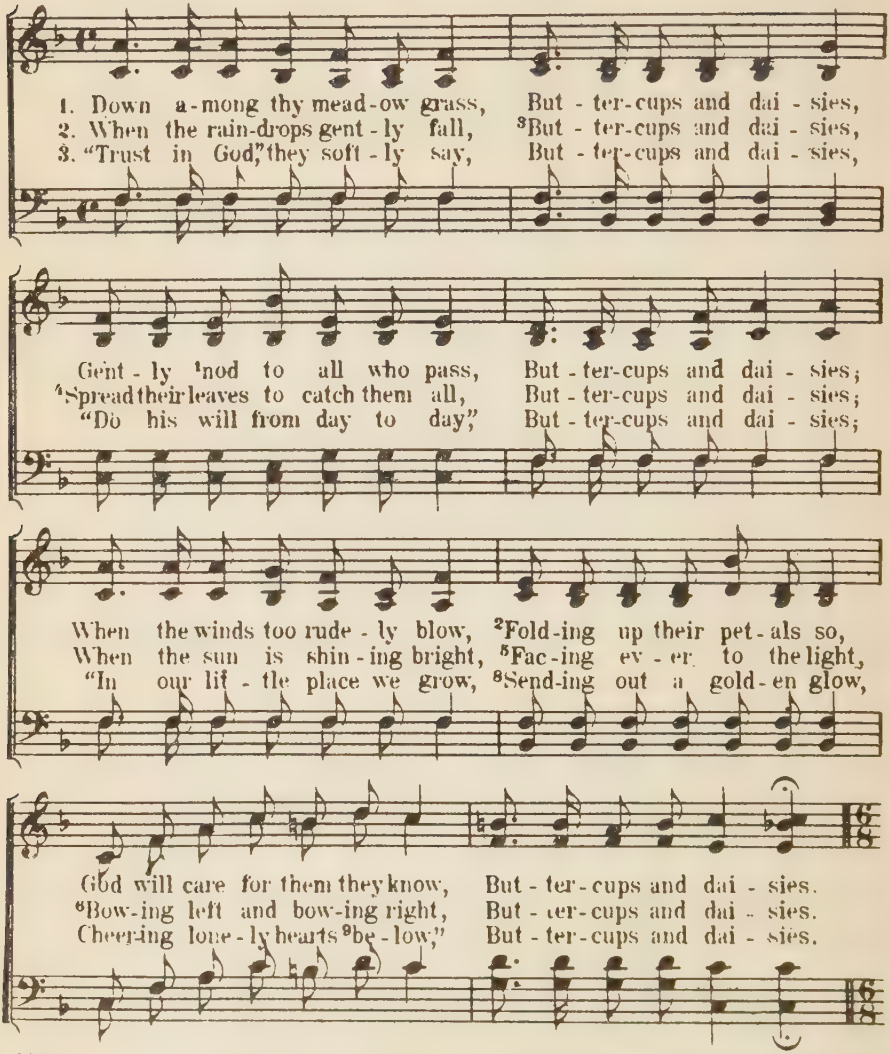
Luther's Cradle Hymn.

(Written by Martin Luther for his children, and still sung by German mothers to their little ones.)


1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for a bed The
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But
lit - tle Lord Je-sus, Laid down his sweet head, The stars in the sky—
lit - tle Lord Je-sus, No cry-ing he makes, I love thee, Lord Je - sus!
Look'd down where he lay,—The lit - tle Lord Je-sus A - sleep on the hay.
Look down from the sky, And stay by my cra-dle To watch lu - la - by.

Buttercups and Daisies.

Lizzie DeArmond — W. A. Post.


1. Down a-mong thy mead-ow grass, But - ter-cups and dai - sies,
2. When the rain-drops gent - ly fall, [3]But - ter-cups and dai - sies,
3. "Trust in God," they soft - ly say, But - ter-cups and dai - sies,
Gent - ly [1]nod to all who pass, But - ter-cups and dai - sies;
[4]Spread their leaves to catch them all, But - ter-cups and dai - sies;
"Do his will from day to day," But - ter-cups and dai - sies;
When the winds too rude - ly blow, [2]Fold-ing up their pet - als so,
When the sun is shin - ing bright, [5]Fac-ing ev - er to the light,
"In our lit - tle place we grow, [8]Send-ing out a gold - en glow,
God will care for them they know, But - ter - cups and dai - sies.
[6]Bow-ing left and bow-ing right, But - ter - cups and dai - sies.
Cheer-ing lone - ly hearts [9]be - low," But - ter - cups and dai - sies.

Motions:—(First row of children may hold buttercups and daisies.) 1Nod gaily. 2Fold hands over head. 3Raise hands high, let fall slowly. 4Spread out hands, palms outward. 5Look upwards. 6Bow to left and right. 7Fold hands and look up. 8Throw hands outwards. 9Place right hand over heart. 10Look up

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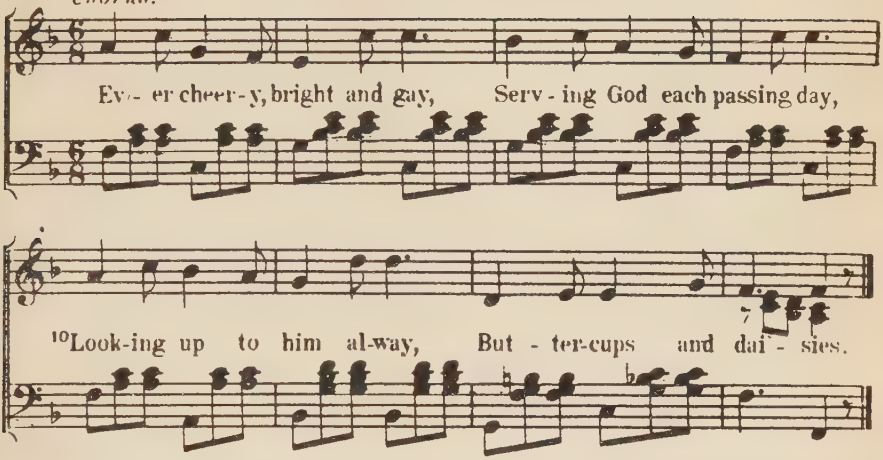
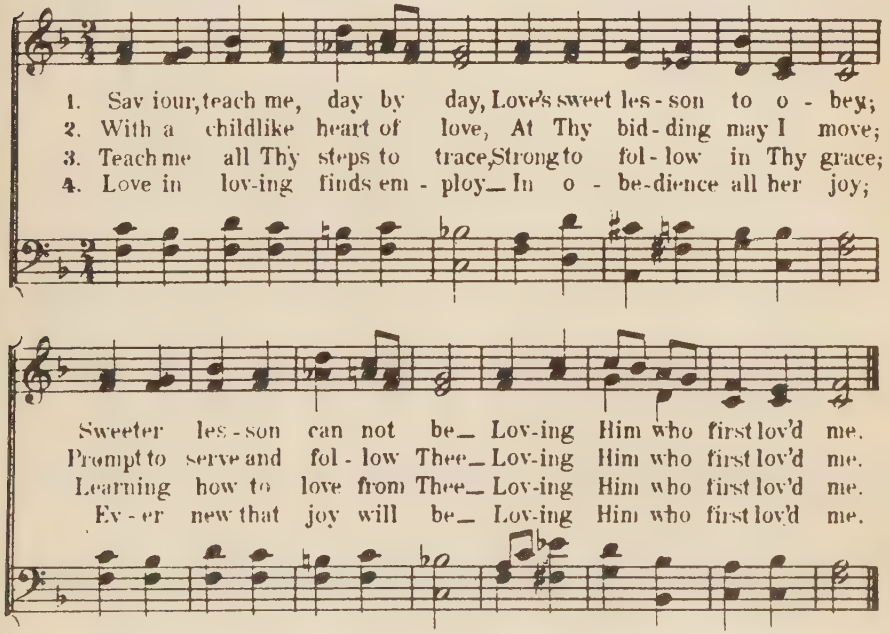
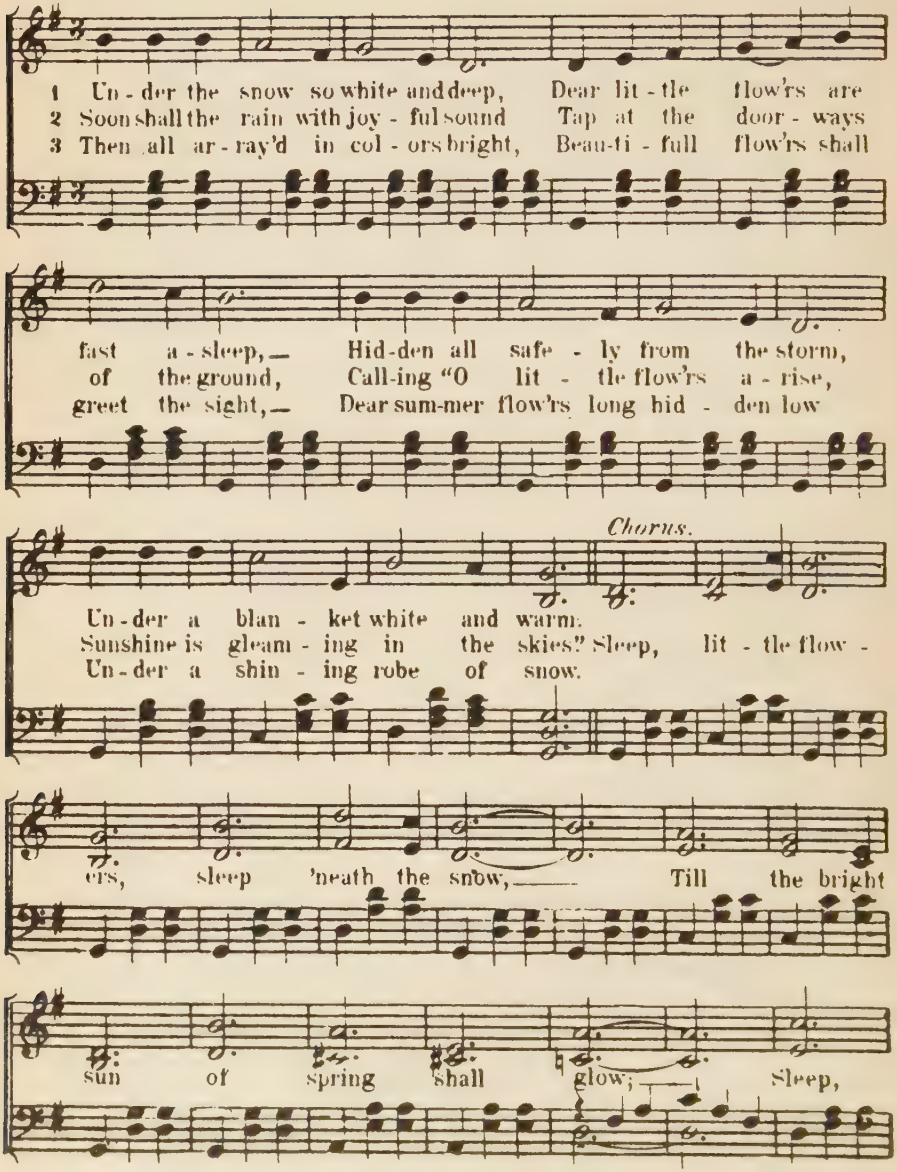
Chorus.

Saviour Teach Me.

Unknown. C. M. von Weber.


1. Sav iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. With a childlike heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move;
3. Teach me all Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
4. Love in lov-ing finds em - ploy— In o - be-dience all her joy;
Sweeter les - son can not be— Lov-ing Him who first lov'd me.
Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee— Lov-ing Him who first lov'd me.
Learning how to love from Thee— Lov-ing Him who first lov'd me.
Ev - er new that joy will be— Lov-ing Him who first lov'd me.

Under the Snow.

Alice Jean Cleator. Maurice A. Clifton.

1 Un - der the snow so white and deep, Dear lit - tle flow'rs are
2 Soon shall the rain with joy - ful sound Tap at the door - ways
3 Then all ar - ray'd in col - ors bright, Beau-ti - full flow'rs shall
fast a - sleep, Hid-den all safe - ly from the storm,
of the ground, Call-ing "O lit - tle flow'rs a - rise,
greet the sight, Dear sum-mer flow'rs long hid - den low
Chorus.
Un - der a blan - ket white and warm:
Sunshine is gleam - ing in the skies? Sleep, lit - tle flow -
Un - der a shin - ing robe of snow.
ers, sleep 'neath the snow, Till the bright
sun of spring shall glow; Sleep,

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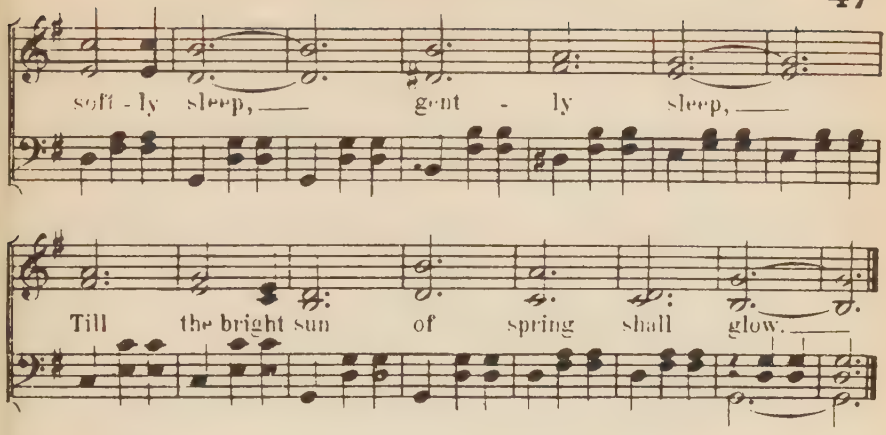
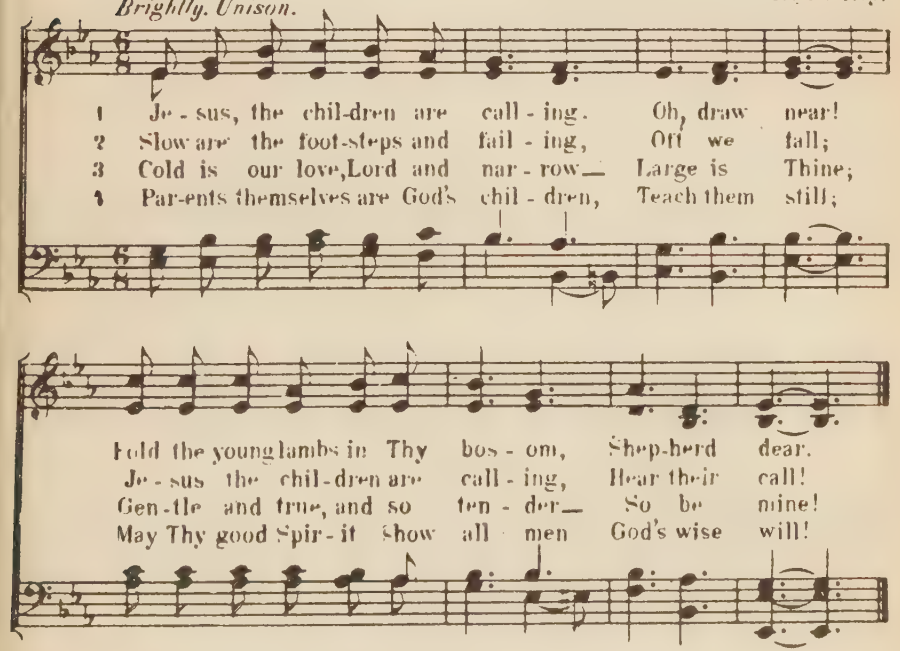


Jesus, the Children are Calling.

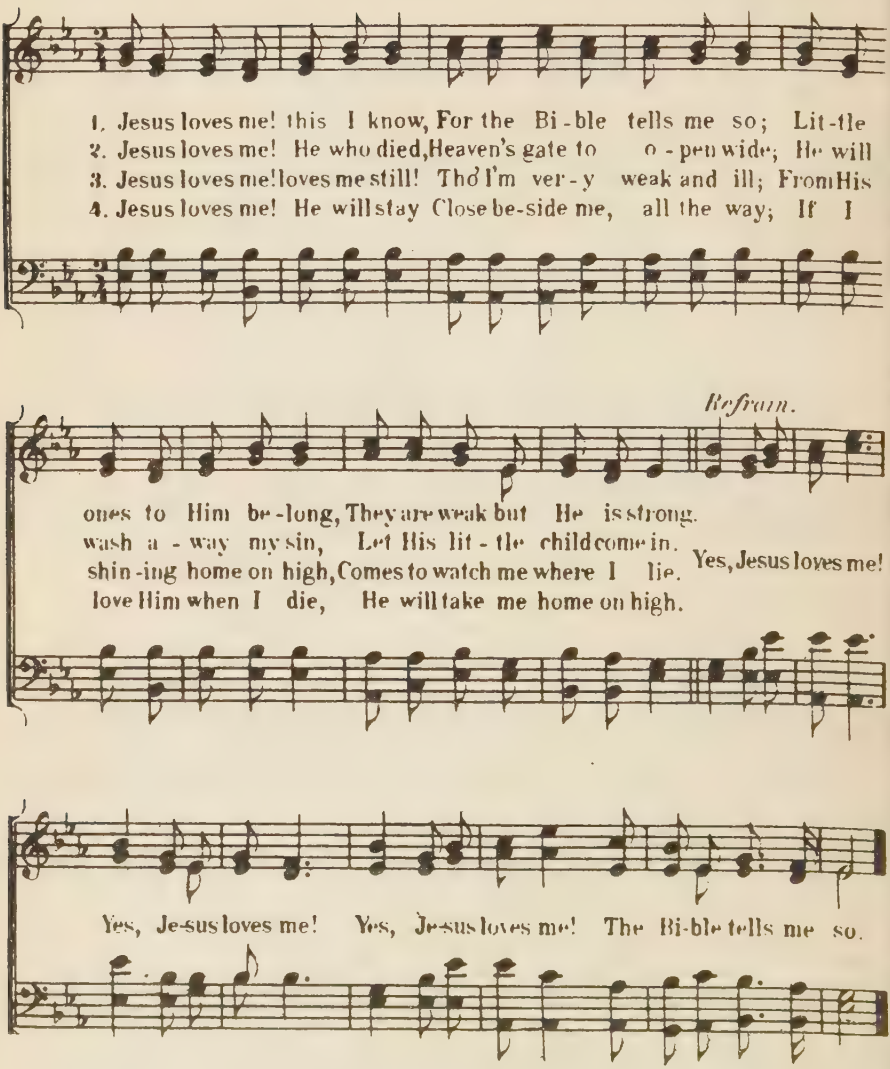
Jno. S. Witty.

Brightly. Unison.


1 Je - sus, the chil-dren are call - ing. Oh, draw near!
2 Slow are the foot-steps and fail - ing, Oft we fall;
3 Cold is our love, Lord and nar - row — Large is Thine;
4 Par-ents themselves are God's chil - dren, Teach them still;
Fold the young lambs in Thy bos - om, Shep-herd dear.
Je - sus the chil-dren are call - ing, Hear their call!
Gen-tle and true, and so ten - der — So be mine!
May Thy good Spir - it show all men God's wise will!

Jesus Loves Me.

Anna B. Warner. Wm B. Bradbury.


1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so; Lit-tle
2. Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to o-pen wide; He will
3. Jesus loves me! loves me still! Tho' I'm ver-y weak and ill; From His
4. Jesus loves me! He will stay Close be-side me, all the way; If I
Refrain.
ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
wash a-way my sin, Let His lit-tle child come in.
shin-ing home on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
love Him when I die, He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Je-sus loves me! Yes, Je-sus loves me! The Bi-ble tells me so.

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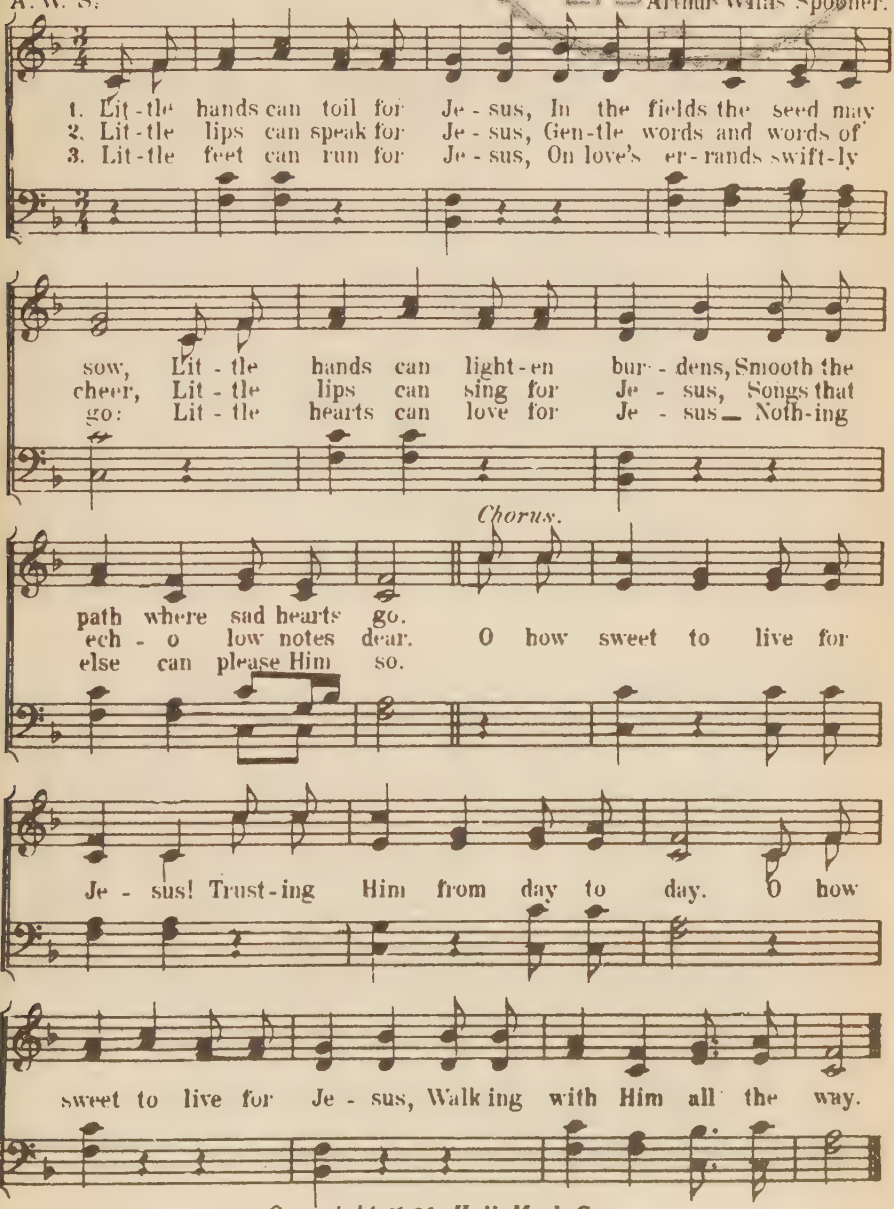
O How Sweet to Live for Jesus.

A. W. S. Arthur Willis Spooner.

1. Lit-tle hands can toil for Je-sus, In the fields the seed may
2. Lit-tle lips can speak for Je-sus, Gen-tle words and words of
3. Lit-tle feet can run for Je-sus, On love's er-rands swift-ly
sow, Lit-tle hands can light-en bur-dens, Smooth the
cheer, Lit-tle lips can sing for Je-sus, Songs that
go: Lit-tle hearts can love for Je-sus— Noth-ing
Chorus.
path where sad hearts go.
ech-o low notes dear. O how sweet to live for
else can please Him so.
Je-sus! Trust-ing Him from day to day. O how
sweet to live for Je-sus, Walk-ing with Him all the way.

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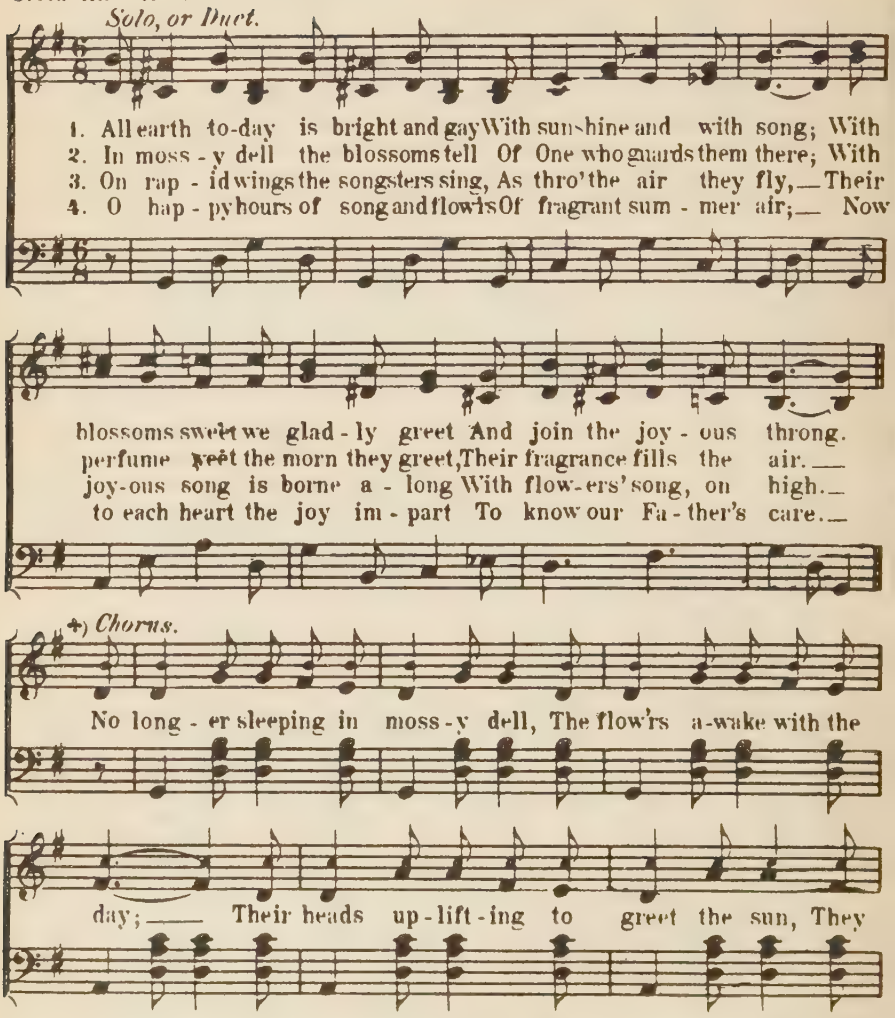
O Happy Hours.

C. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

Solo, or Duet.


1. All earth to-day is bright and gay With sunshine and with song; With
2. In moss - y dell the blossoms tell Of One who guards them there; With
3. On rap - id wings the songsters sing, As thro' the air they fly,— Their
4. O hap - py hours of song and flow'rs Of fragrant sum - mer air;— Now
blossoms sweet we glad - ly greet And join the joy - ous throng.
perfume sweet the morn they greet, Their fragrance fills the air.—
joy-ous song is borne a - long With flow-ers' song, on high.—
to each heart the joy im - part To know our Fa - ther's care.—
†) Chorus.
No long - er sleeping in moss - y dell, The flow'rs a-wake with the
day;— Their heads up - lift - ing to greet the sun, They

†) *A fine effect may be made by having the duet sung by two older voices, and at chorus have one voice lead the girls in singing the small notes and another voice leading boys with melody. If this is impracticable, have whole school sing melody of chorus, a few strong, selected voices sing small notes.*

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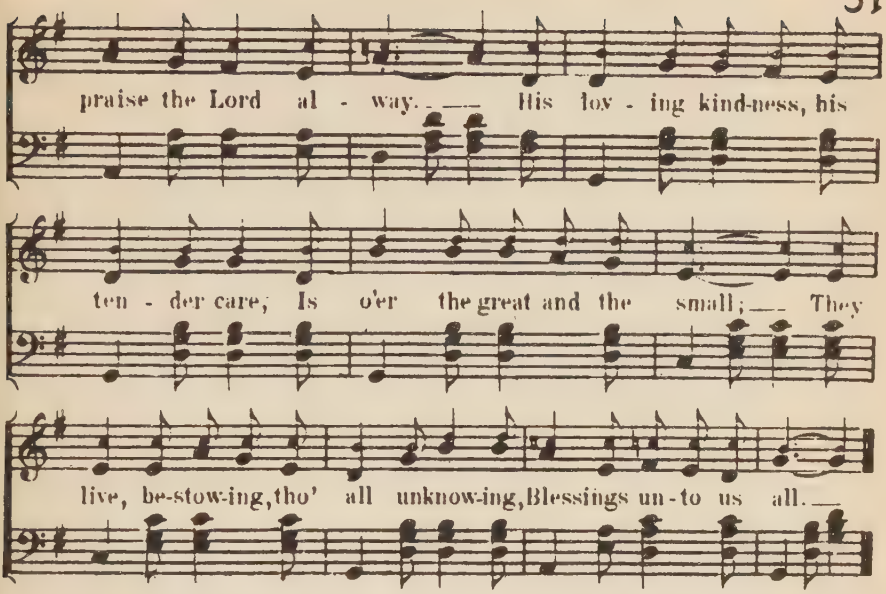
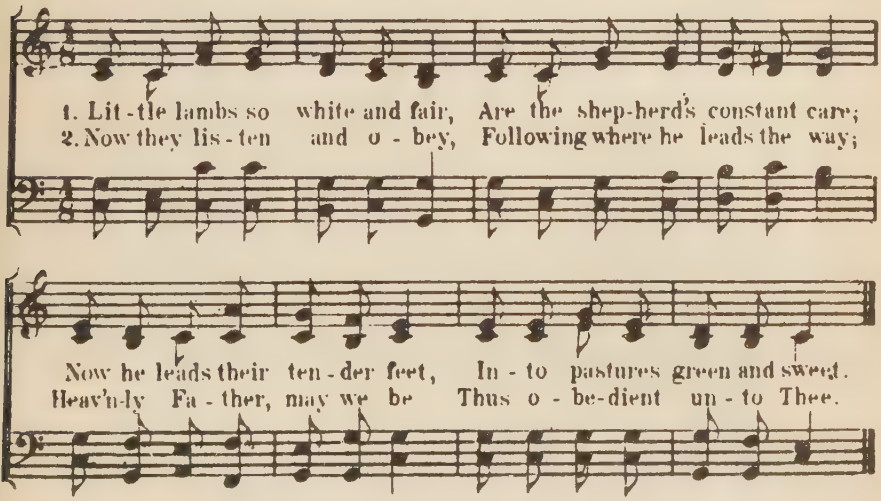
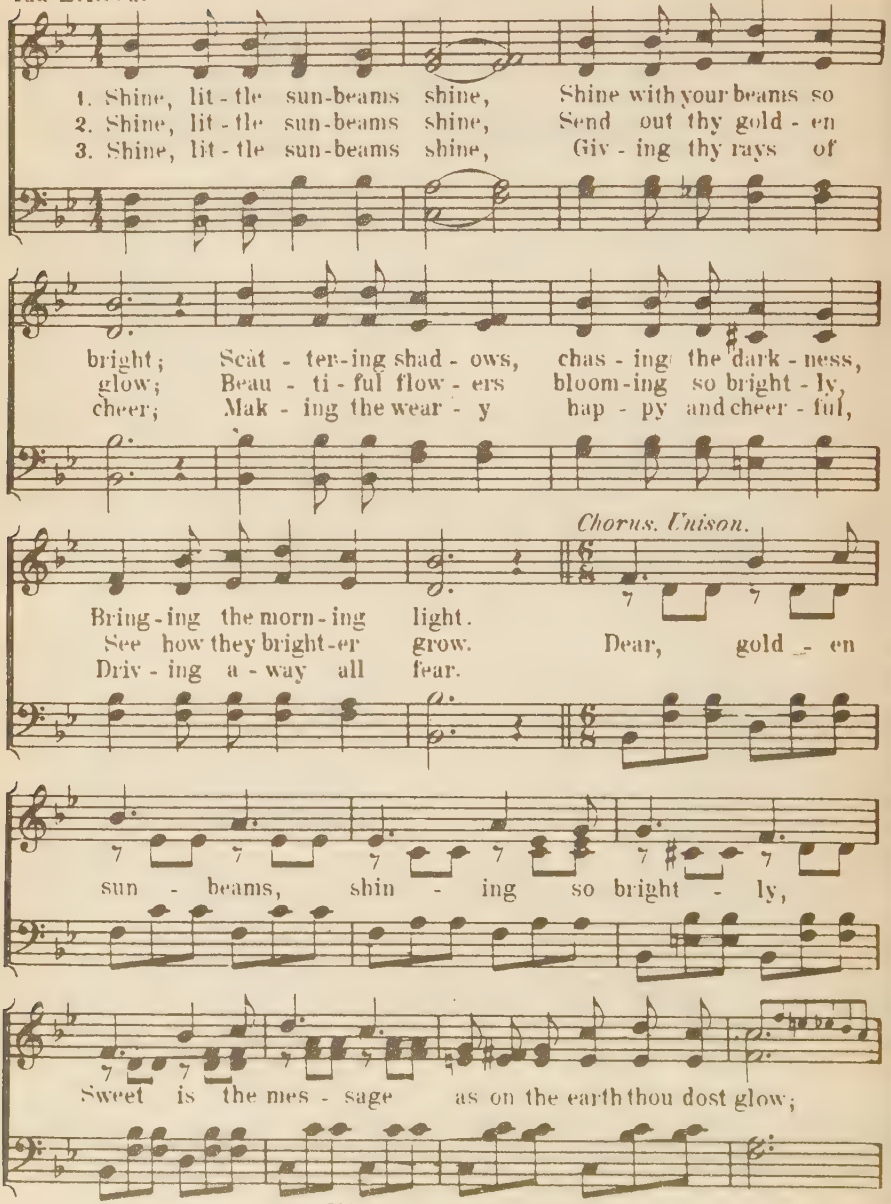

praise the Lord al - way. His lov - ing kind-ness, his
ten - der care; Is o'er the great and the small; They
live, be-stow-ing, tho' all unknow-ing, Blessings un - to us all.

Little Lambs.

Anon. H. J. Gauntlett.


1. Lit - tle lambs so white and fair, Are the shep-herd's constant care;
2. Now they lis - ten and o - bey, Following where he leads the way;
Now he leads their ten - der feet, In - to pastures green and sweet.
Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, may we be Thus o - be-dient un - to Thee.

Shine, Little Sunbeams.

Ida L. Reed. Maurice A. Clifton.

1. Shine, lit - tle sun-beams shine, Shine with your beams so
2. Shine, lit - tle sun-beams shine, Send out thy gold - en
3. Shine, lit - tle sun-beams shine, Giv - ing thy rays of
bright; Scat - ter-ing shad - ows, chas - ing the dark - ness,
glow; Beau - ti - ful flow - ers bloom-ing so bright - ly,
cheer; Mak - ing the wear - y hap - py and cheer - ful,
Chorus. Unison.
Bring - ing the morn - ing light.
See how they bright-er grow.
Driv - ing a - way all fear.
Dear, gold - en
sun - beams, shin - ing so bright - ly,
Sweet is the mes - sage as on the earth thou dost glow;

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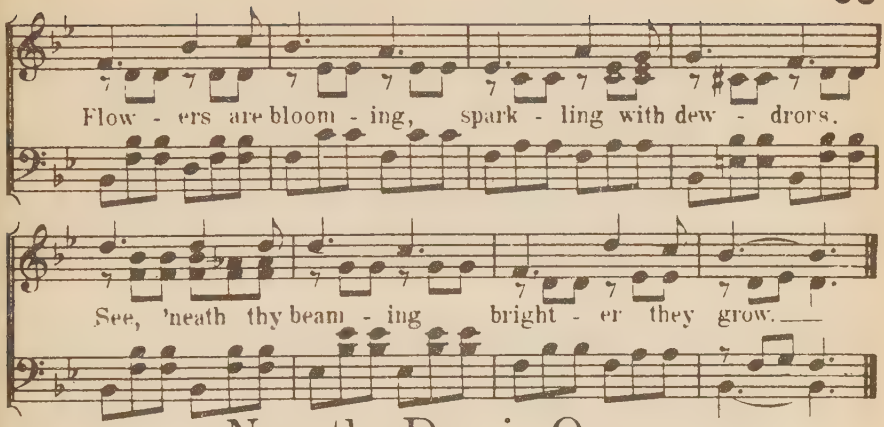
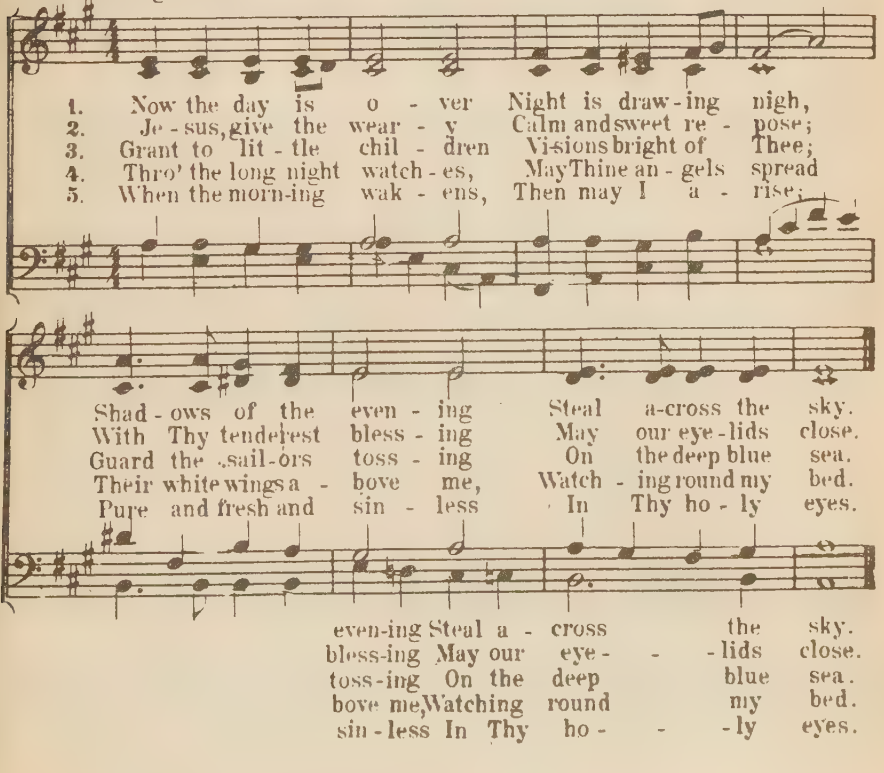


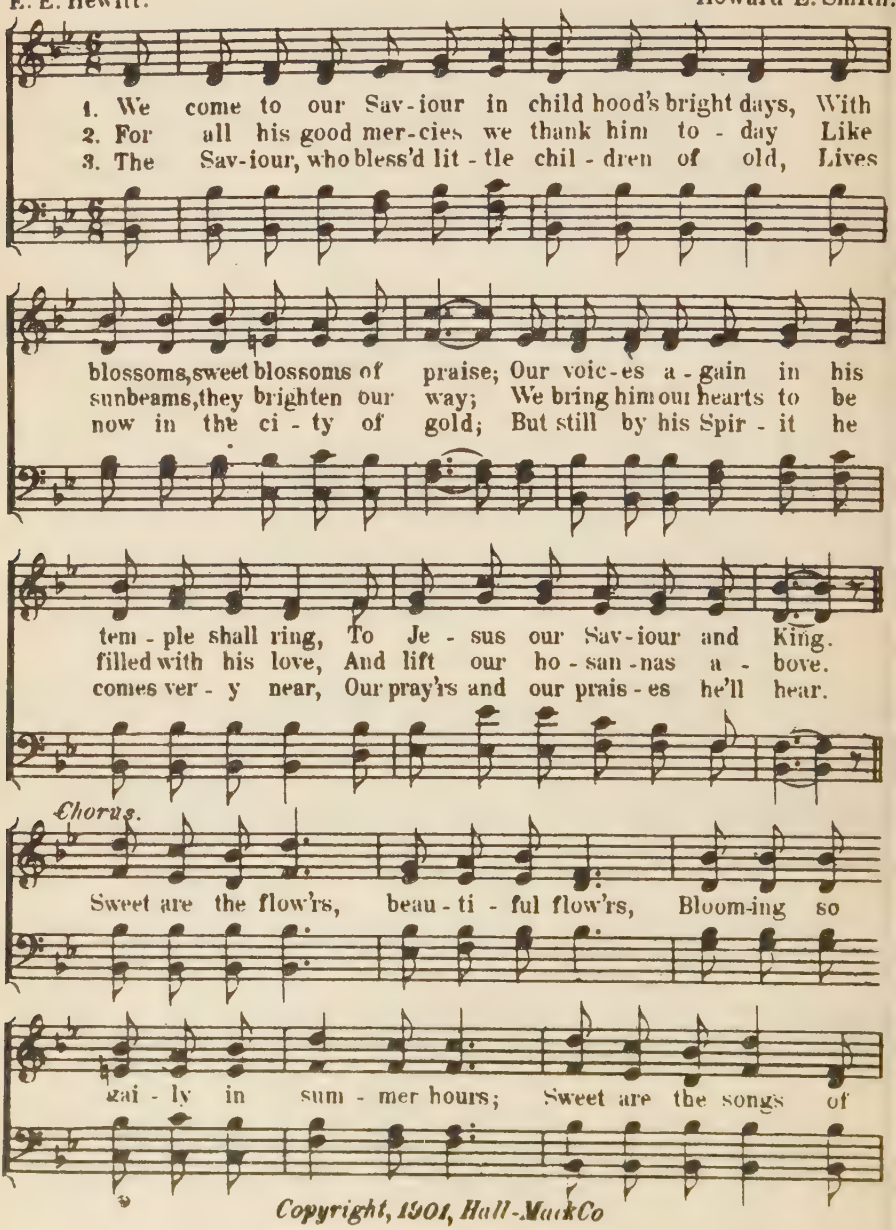
Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Visions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise;
Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy tendrest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail-ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
even-ing Steal a - cross the sky.
bless-ing May our eye - - - lids close.
toss-ing On the deep blue sea.
bove me, Watching round my bed.
sin - less In Thy ho - - - ly eyes.

Blossoms of Praise.

E. E. Hewitt. Howard E. Smith.


1. We come to our Sav-iour in child hood's bright days, With
2. For all his good mer-cies we thank him to - day Like
3. The Sav-iour, who bless'd lit - tle chil - dren of old, Lives
blossoms, sweet blossoms of praise; Our voic-es a - gain in his
sunbeams, they brighten our way; We bring him our hearts to be
now in the ci - ty of gold; But still by his Spir - it he
tem - ple shall ring, To Je - sus our Sav-iour and King.
filled with his love, And lift our ho - san - nas a - bove.
comes ver - y near, Our pray'rs and our prais - es he'll hear.
Chorus.
Sweet are the flow'rs, beau - ti - ful flow'rs, Bloom-ing so
gai - ly in sum - mer hours; Sweet are the songs of

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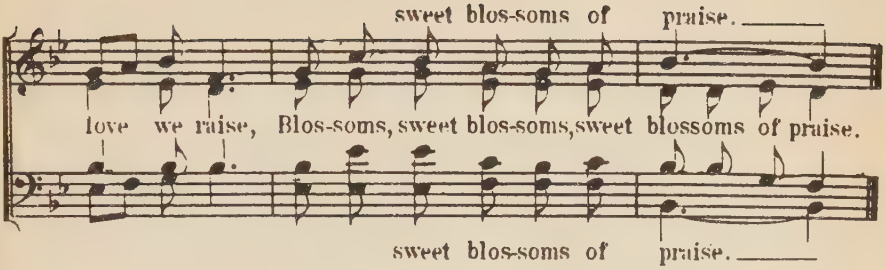
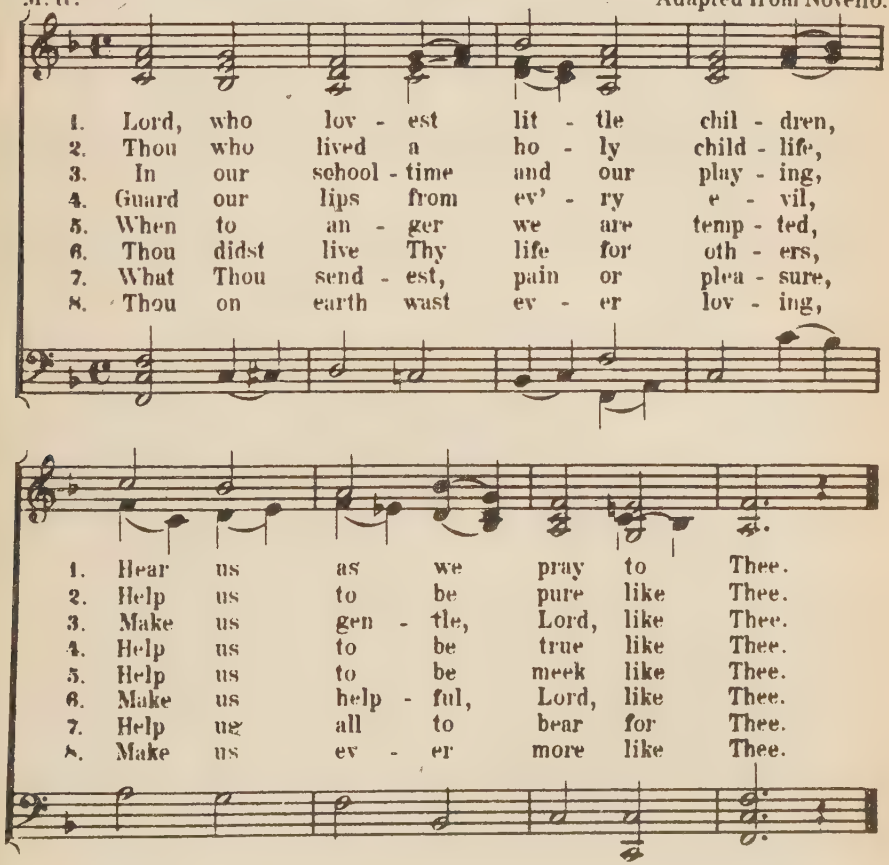
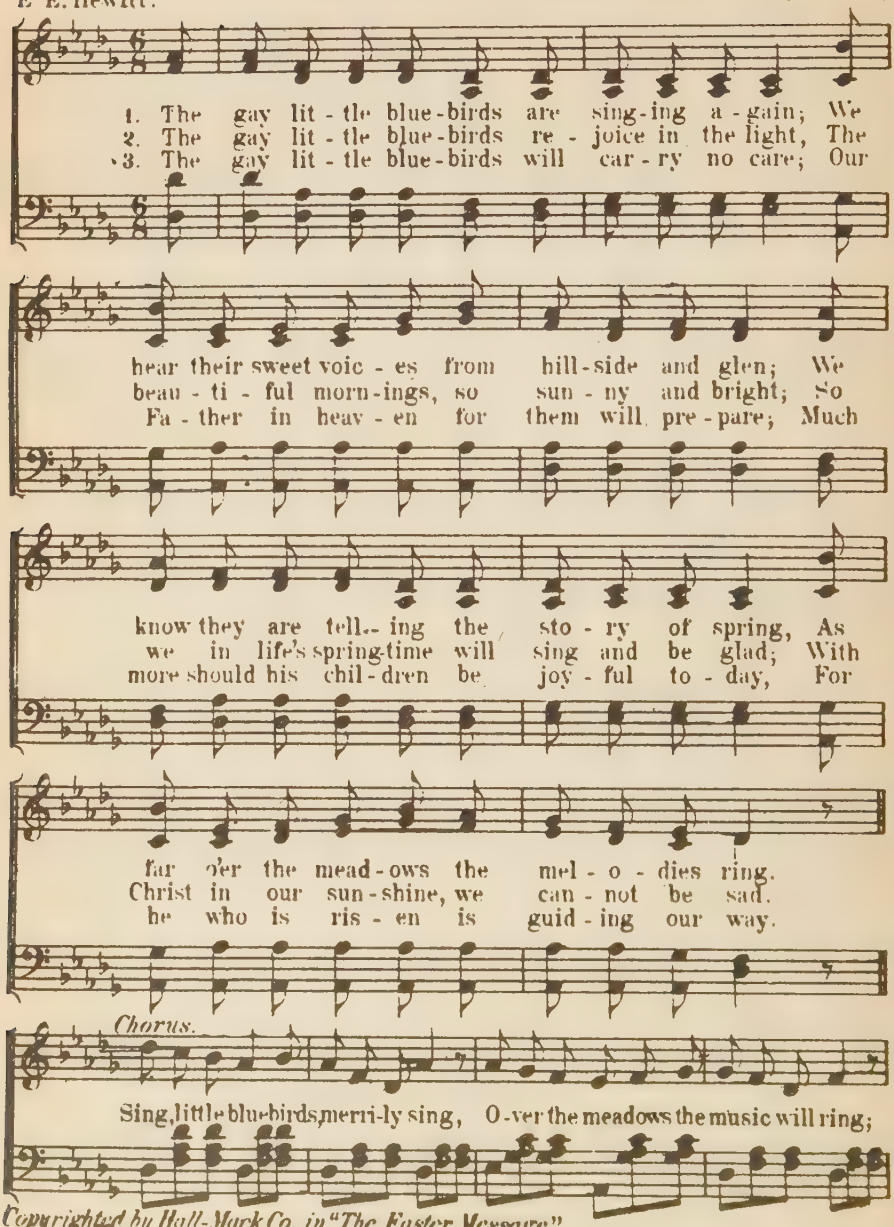

Lord, Who Lovest Little Children.

M. R. Adapted from Novello.

1. Lord, who lov - est lit - tle chil - dren,
2. Thou who lived a ho - ly child - life,
3. In our school - time and our play - ing,
4. Guard our lips from ev' - ry e - vil,
5. When to an - ger we are temp - ted,
6. Thou didst live Thy life for oth - ers,
7. What Thou send - est, pain or plea - sure,
8. Thou on earth wast ev - er lov - ing,
1. Hear us as we pray to Thee.
2. Help us to be pure like Thee.
3. Make us gen - tle, Lord, like Thee.
4. Help us to be true like Thee.
5. Help us to be meek like Thee.
6. Make us help - ful, Lord, like Thee.
7. Help us all to bear for Thee.
8. Make us ev - er more like Thee.

The Gay Little Blue-birds.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. The gay lit - tle blue-birds are sing-ing a - gain; We hear their sweet voic - es from hill-side and glen; We know they are tell-ing the sto - ry of spring, As far o'er the mead-ows the mel - o - dies ring.
2. The gay lit - tle blue-birds re - joice in the light, The beau - ti - ful morn-ings, so sun - ny and bright; So we in life's spring-time will sing and be glad; With Christ in our sun-shine, we can - not be sad.
3. The gay lit - tle blue-birds will car - ry no care; Our Fa - ther in heav - en for them will pre - pare; Much more should his chil - dren be joy - ful to - day, For he who is ris - en is guid - ing our way.
Chorus.
Sing, little blue-birds, merri-ly sing, O - ver the meadows the music will ring;

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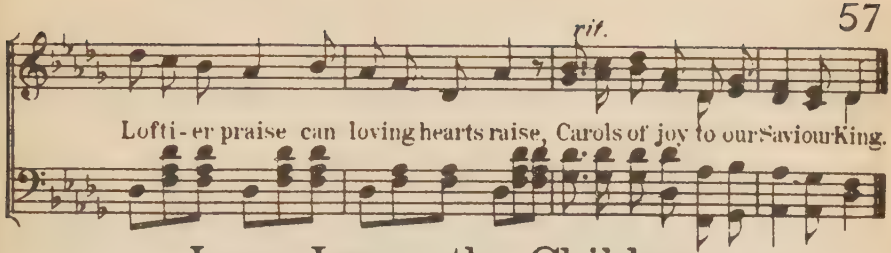
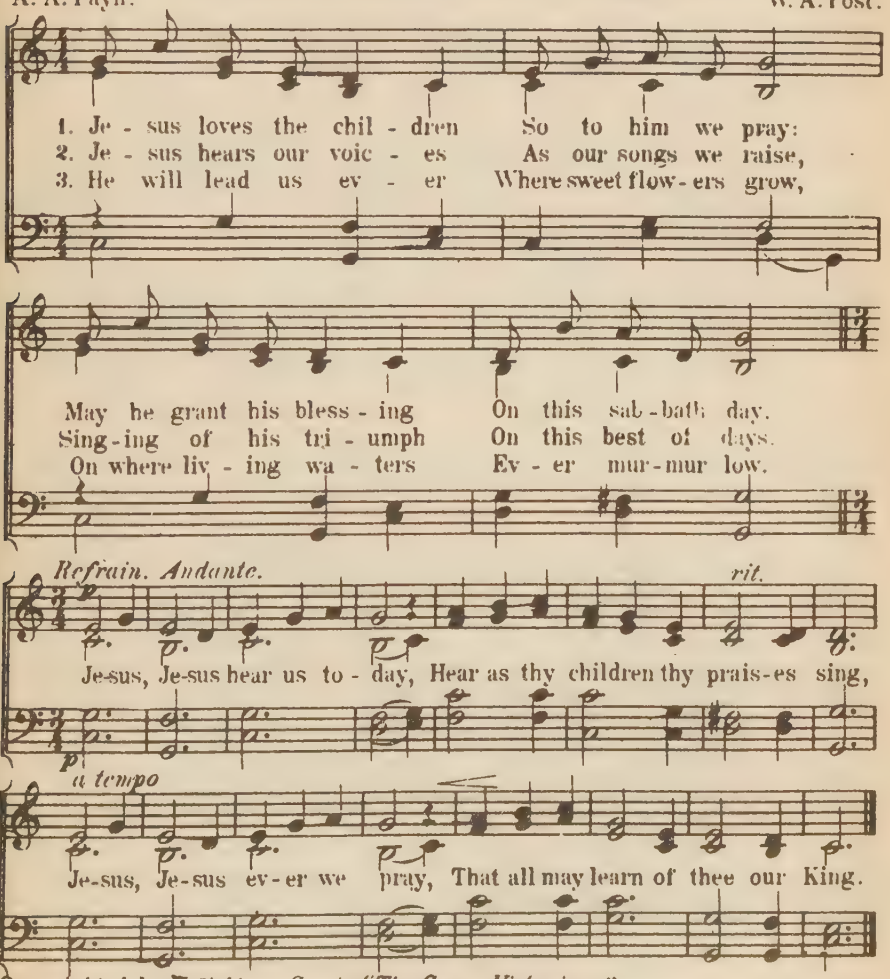


Jesus Loves the Children.

A. A. Payn. W. A. Post.


1. Je - sus loves the chil - dren So to him we pray:
2. Je - sus hears our voic - es As our songs we raise,
3. He will lead us ev - er Where sweet flow-ers grow,
May he grant his bless - ing On this sab-bath day.
Sing-ing of his tri - umph On this best of days.
On where liv - ing wa - ters Ev - er mur-mur low.
Refrain. Andante.
rit.
Je-sus, Je-sus hear us to - day, Hear as thy children thy prais-es sing,
p
a tempo
Je-sus, Je-sus ev-er we pray, That all may learn of thee our King.

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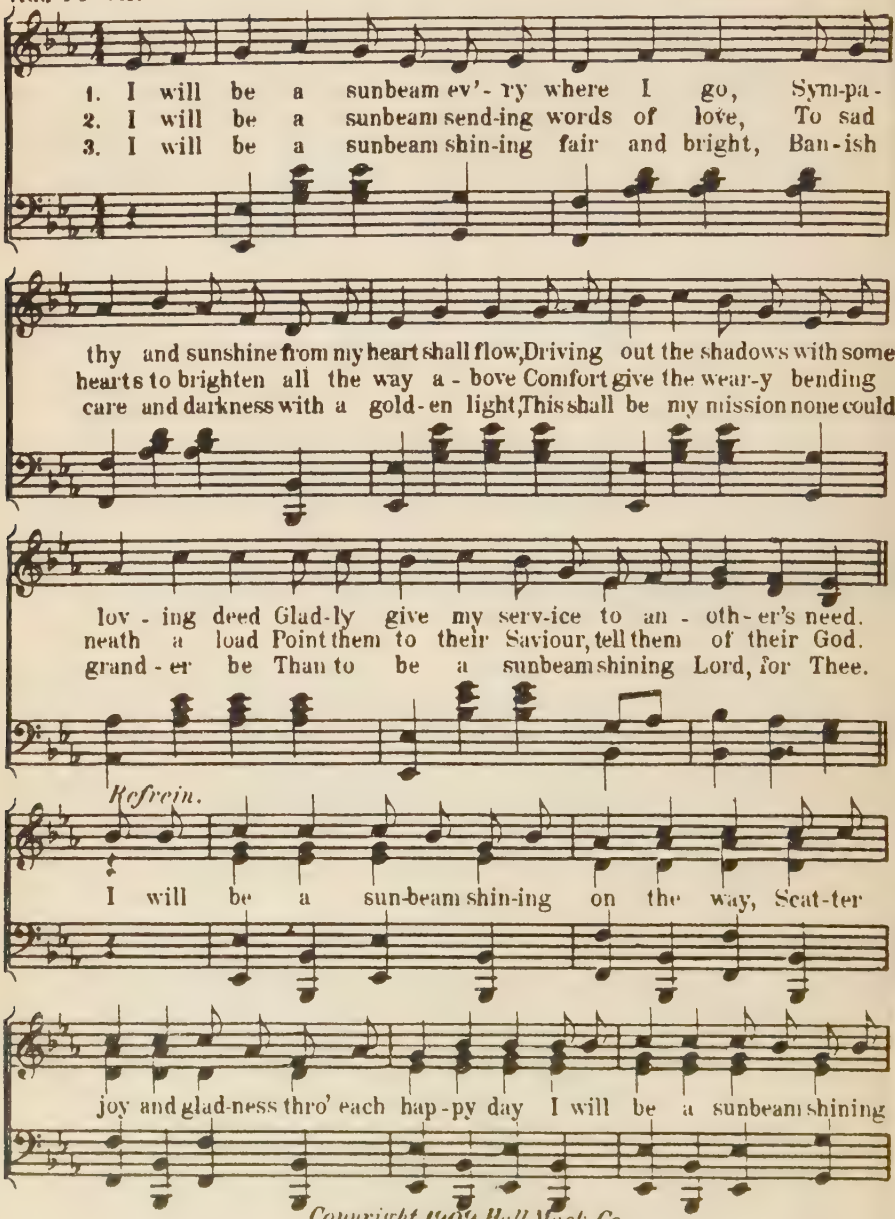
I Will Be A Sunbeam.

Ada Powell. Howard E. Smith.

1. I will be a sunbeam ev'-ry where I go, Sym-pa-
2. I will be a sunbeam send-ing words of love, To sad
3. I will be a sunbeam shin-ing fair and bright, Ban-ish
thy and sunshine from my heart shall flow, Driving out the shadows with some
hearts to brighten all the way a-bove Comfort give the wear-y bending
care and darkness with a gold-en light, This shall be my mission none could
lov-ing deed Glad-ly give my serv-ice to an-oth-er's need.
neath a load Point them to their Saviour, tell them of their God.
grand-er be Than to be a sunbeam shining Lord, for Thee.
Refrein.
I will be a sun-beam shin-ing on the way, Scat-ter
joy and glad-ness thro' each hap-py day I will be a sunbeam shining

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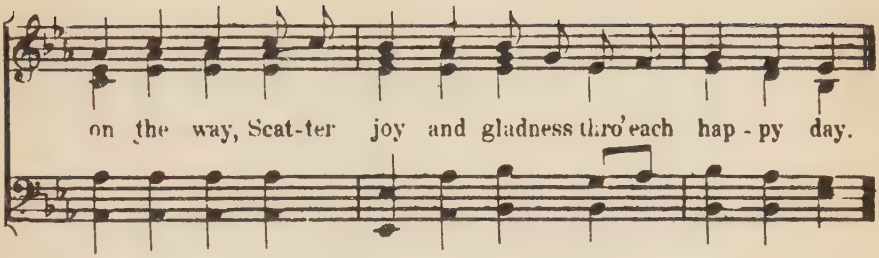
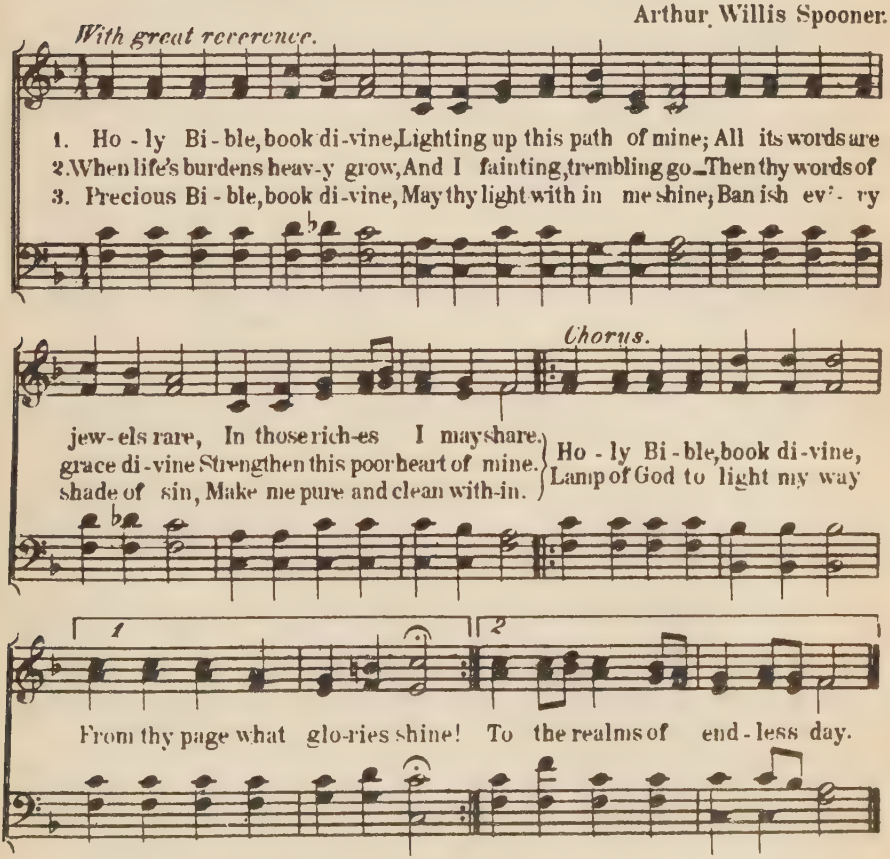


Holy Bible, Book Divine.

Arthur Willis Spooner.


With great reverence.
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di-vine, Lighting up this path of mine; All its words are
2. When life's burdens heav-y grow, And I fainting, trembling go, Then thy words of
3. Precious Bi - ble, book di-vine, May thy light with in me shine; Ban ish ev'- ry
Chorus.
jew-els rare, In those rich-es I may share.
grace di-vine Strengthen this poor heart of mine.
shade of sin, Make me pure and clean with-in.
Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di-vine,
Lamp of God to light my way
1
2
From thy page what glo-ries shine! To the realms of end - less day.

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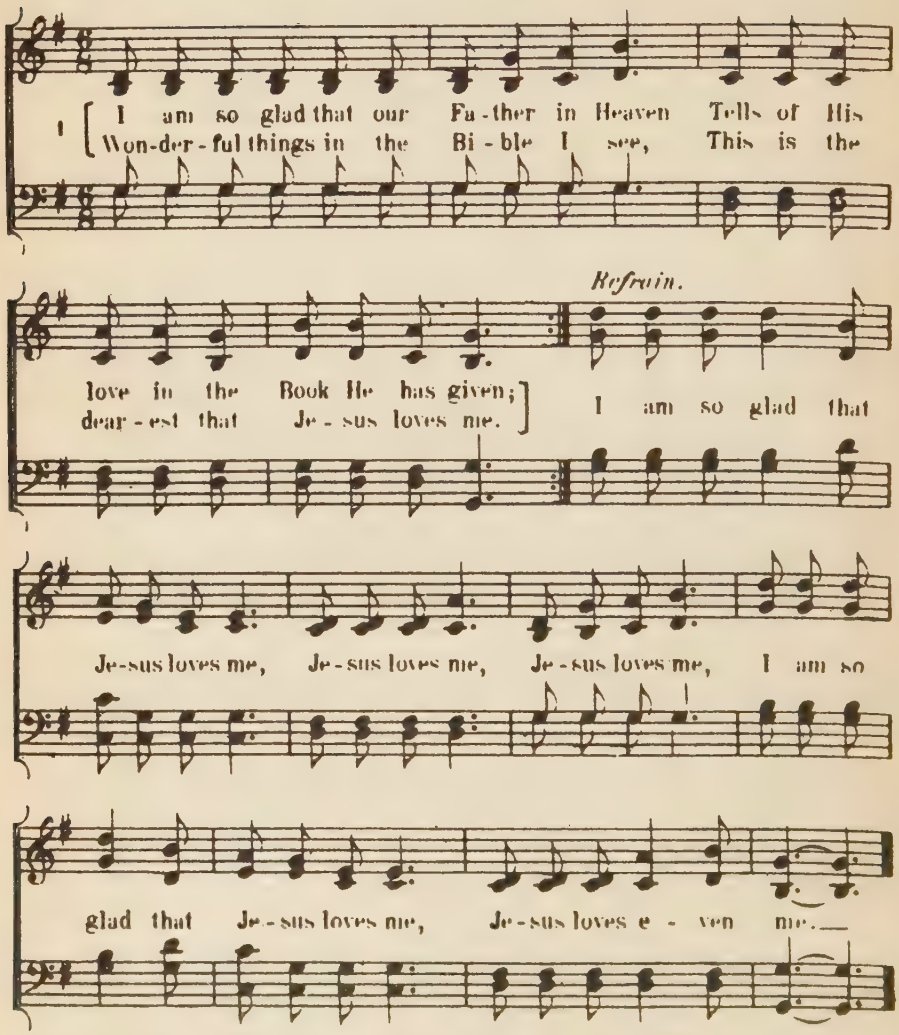
Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1 I am so glad that our Fa-ther in Heaven Tells of His
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see, This is the
Refrain.
love in the Book He has given;
dear-est that Je-sus loves me.
I am so glad that
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, I am so
glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

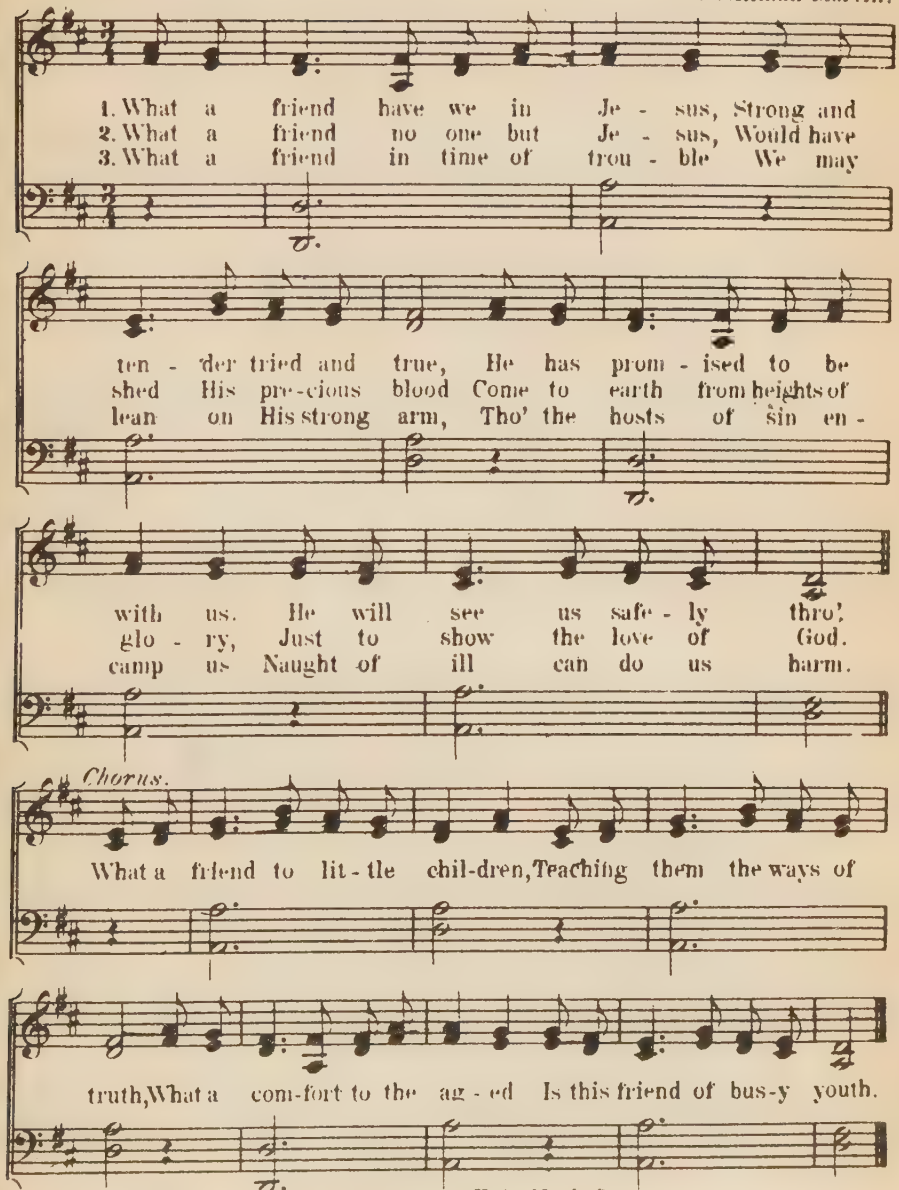
- 2 -

Though I forget Him and wander away,
Kindly He follows whenever I stray;
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

- 3 -

Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in His beauty I see the great King;
This shall my song in eternity be
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

What a Friend.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. What a friend have we in Je - sus, Strong and
2. What a friend no one but Je - sus, Would have
3. What a friend in time of trou - ble We may
ten - der tried and true, He has prom - ised to be
shed His pre-cious blood Come to earth from heights of
lean on His strong arm, Tho' the hosts of sin en -
with us. He will see us safe - ly thro',
glo - ry, Just to show the love of God.
camp us Naught of ill can do us harm.
Chorus.
What a friend to lit - tle chil-dren, Teaching them the ways of
truth, What a com-fort to the ag - ed Is this friend of bus-y youth.

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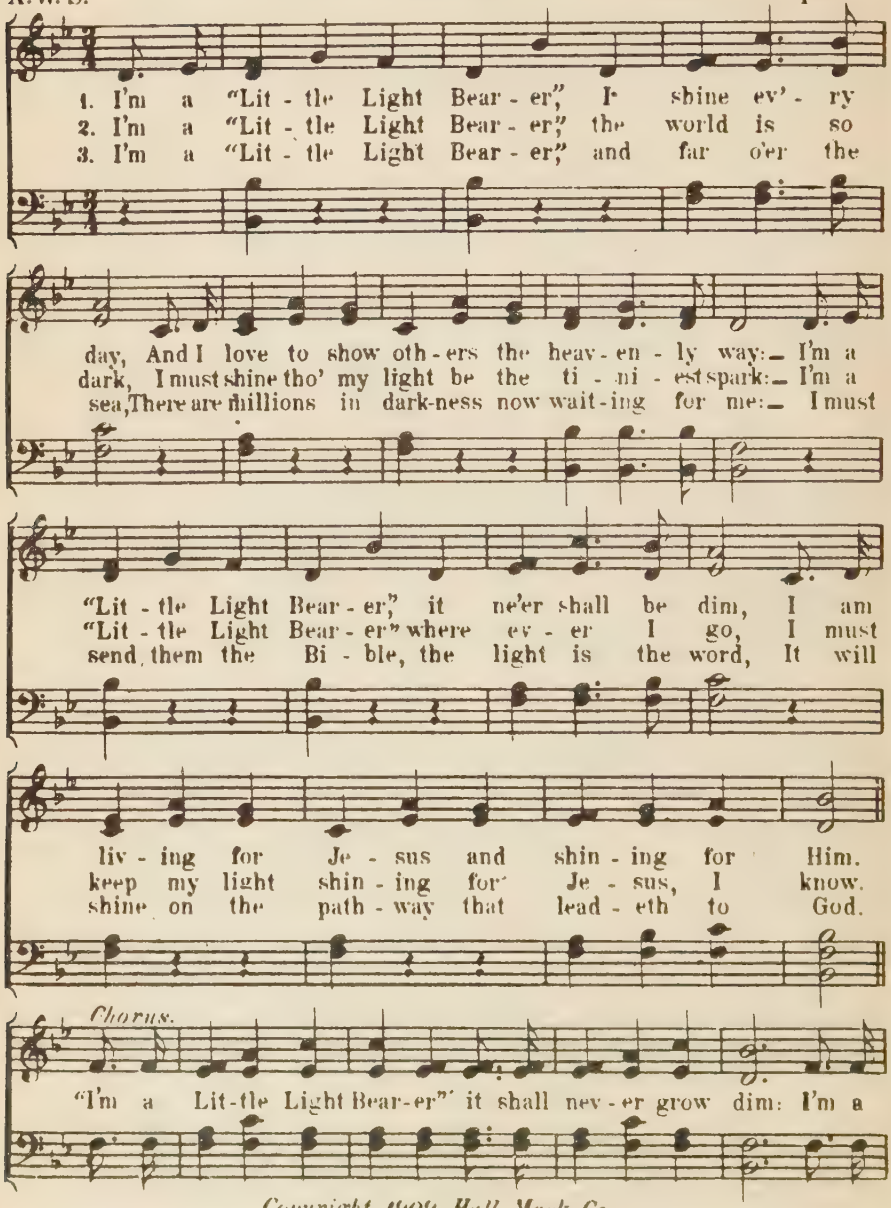
I'm A Little Light Bearer.

A.W.S.

Arthur Willis Spooner.

1. I'm a "Lit - tle Light Bear - er," I shine ev'- ry
2. I'm a "Lit - tle Light Bear - er," the world is so
3. I'm a "Lit - tle Light Bear - er," and far o'er the
day, And I love to show oth - ers the heav - en - ly way:— I'm a
dark, I must shine tho' my light be the ti - ni - est spark:— I'm a
sea, There are millions in dark-ness now wait - ing for me:— I must
"Lit - tle Light Bear - er," it ne'er shall be dim, I am
"Lit - tle Light Bear - er" where ev - er I go, I must
send them the Bi - ble, the light is the word, It will
liv - ing for Je - sus and shin - ing for Him.
keep my light shin - ing for Je - sus, I know.
shine on the path - way that lead - eth to God.
Chorus.
"I'm a Lit-tle Light Bear-er" it shall nev - er grow dim: I'm a

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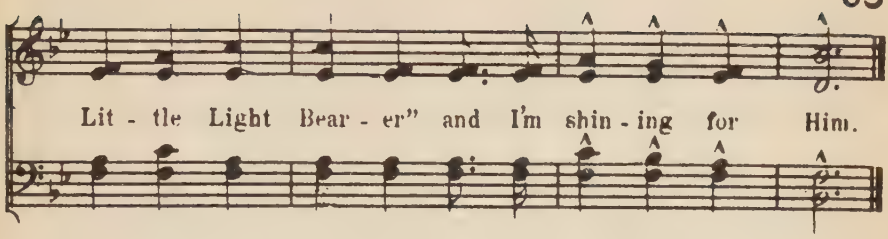
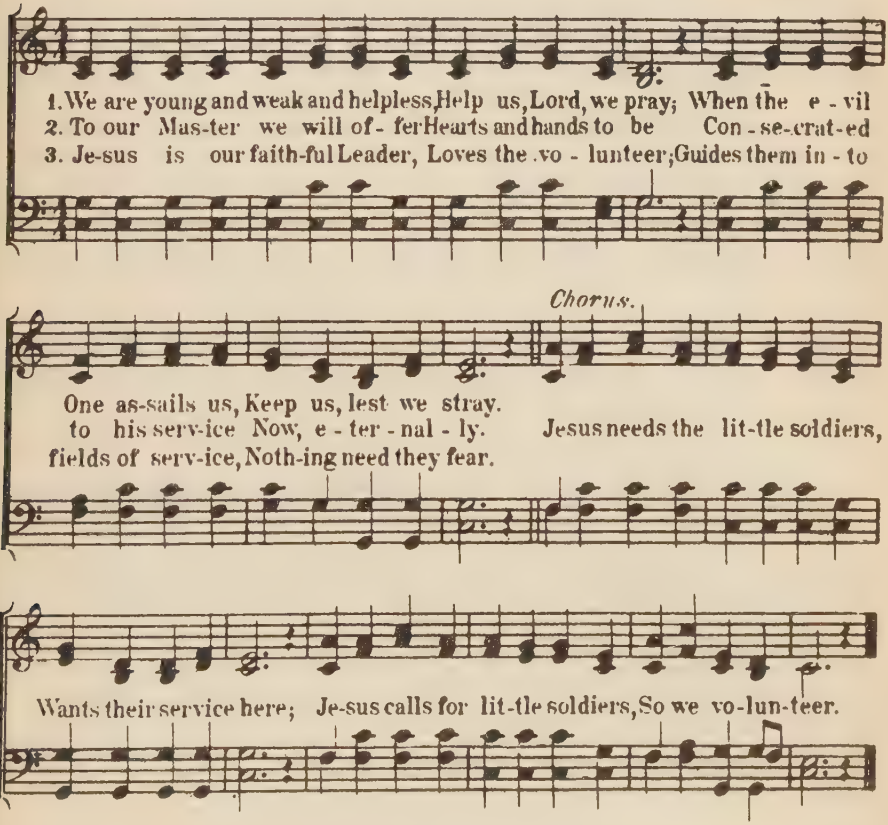


Jesus Needs the Little Soldiers.

A. W. S. Arthur Willis Spooner.


1. We are young and weak and helpless, Help us, Lord, we pray; When the e - vil
2. To our Mas-ter we will of - fer Hearts and hands to be Con - se-crat-ed
3. Je-sus is our faith-ful Leader, Loves the vo - lunteer; Guides them in - to
Chorus.
One as-sails us, Keep us, lest we stray.
to his serv-ice Now, e - ter - nal - ly. Jesus needs the lit-tle soldiers,
fields of serv-ice, Noth-ing need they fear.
Wants their service here; Je-sus calls for lit-tle soldiers, So we vo-lun-teer.

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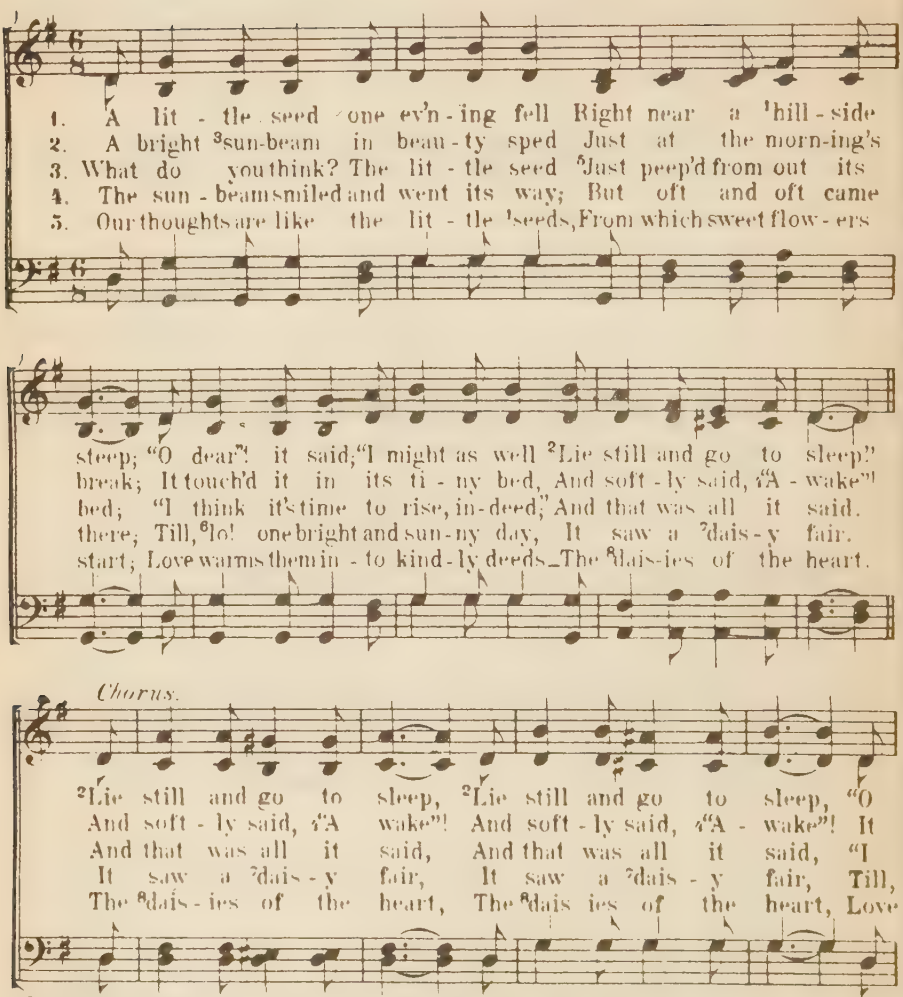
The Little Seed.

S. C. Kirk. Herbert J. Lacey.


1. A lit - tle seed one ev'n - ing fell Right near a [1]hill - side
2. A bright [3]sun-beam in beau - ty sped Just at the morn-ing's
3. What do you think? The lit - tle seed [5]Just peep'd from out its
4. The sun - beam smiled and went its way; But oft and oft came
5. Our thoughts are like the lit - tle [1]seeds, From which sweet flow - ers
steep; "O dear"! it said; "I might as well [2]Lie still and go to sleep."
break; It touch'd it in its ti - ny bed, And soft - ly said, "[4]A - wake"!
bed; "I think it's time to rise, in - deed," And that was all it said.
there; Till, [6]lo! one bright and sun - ny day, It saw a [7]dais - y fair.
start; Love warms them in - to kind - ly deeds—The [8]dais-ies of the heart.
Chorus.
[2]Lie still and go to sleep, [2]Lie still and go to sleep, "O
And soft - ly said, "[4]A wake"! And soft - ly said, "[4]A - wake"! It
And that was all it said, And that was all it said, "I
It saw a [7]dais - y fair, It saw a [7]dais - y fair, Till,
The [8]dais - ies of the heart, The [8]dais ies of the heart, Love

Directions: Each child carries a daisy in the left hand which is kept concealed behind the back until No 8 is reached. Make all the motions with the right hand. 1, Point obliquely to the right. 2, Rest the side of the head on the palm of the hand, and close the eyes. 3, Same as No 1, but a little higher. 4, Light shake of the hand. 5, Cover the right eye with the hand and look up. 6, Raise the right hand in surprise. 7, Extend the left hand holding the daisy. 8, Right hand on the heart.

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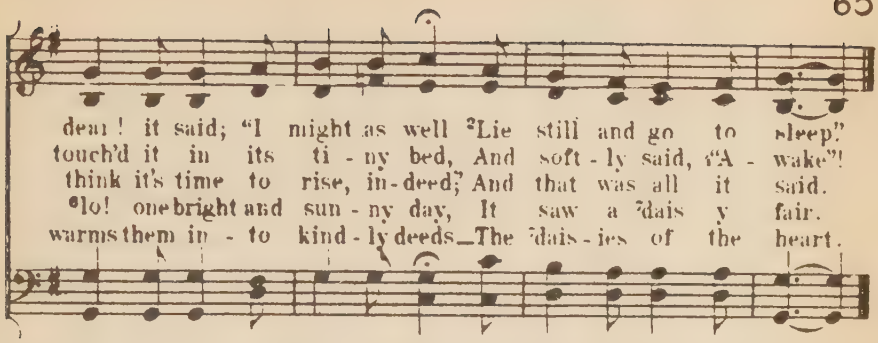
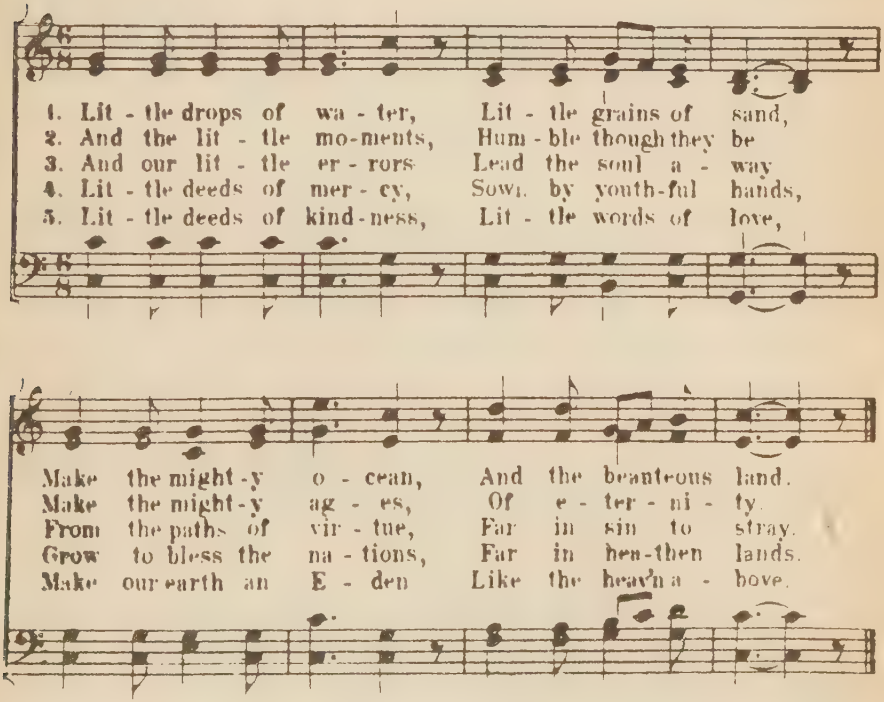

dear! it said; "I might as well ²Lie still and go to sleep,"
touch'd it in its ti - ny bed, And soft - ly said, "A - wake"!
think it's time to rise, in-deed;" And that was all it said.
⁶lo! one bright and sun - ny day, It saw a ²dais y fair.
warms them in - to kind - ly deeds—The ²dais - ies of the heart.

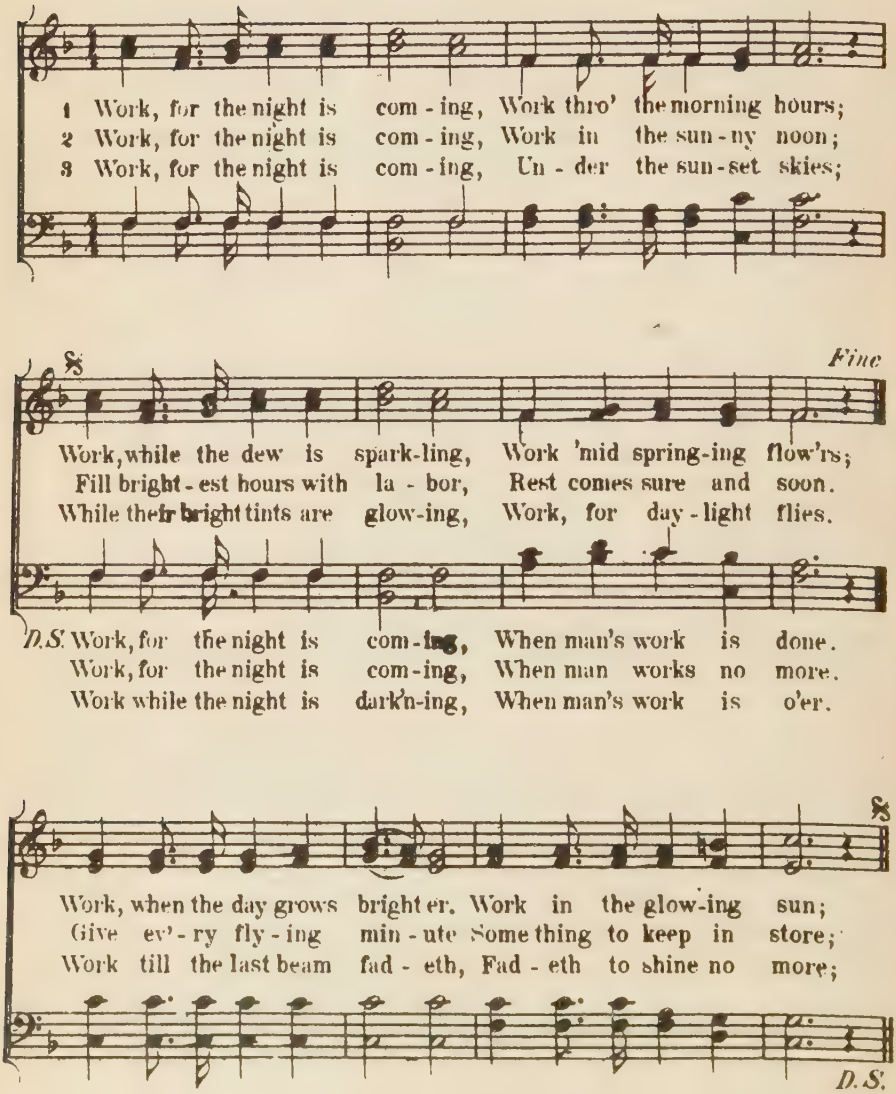
Little Drops of Water.

Mrs. Julia A. Carney. Arr. by A. Rhodes.

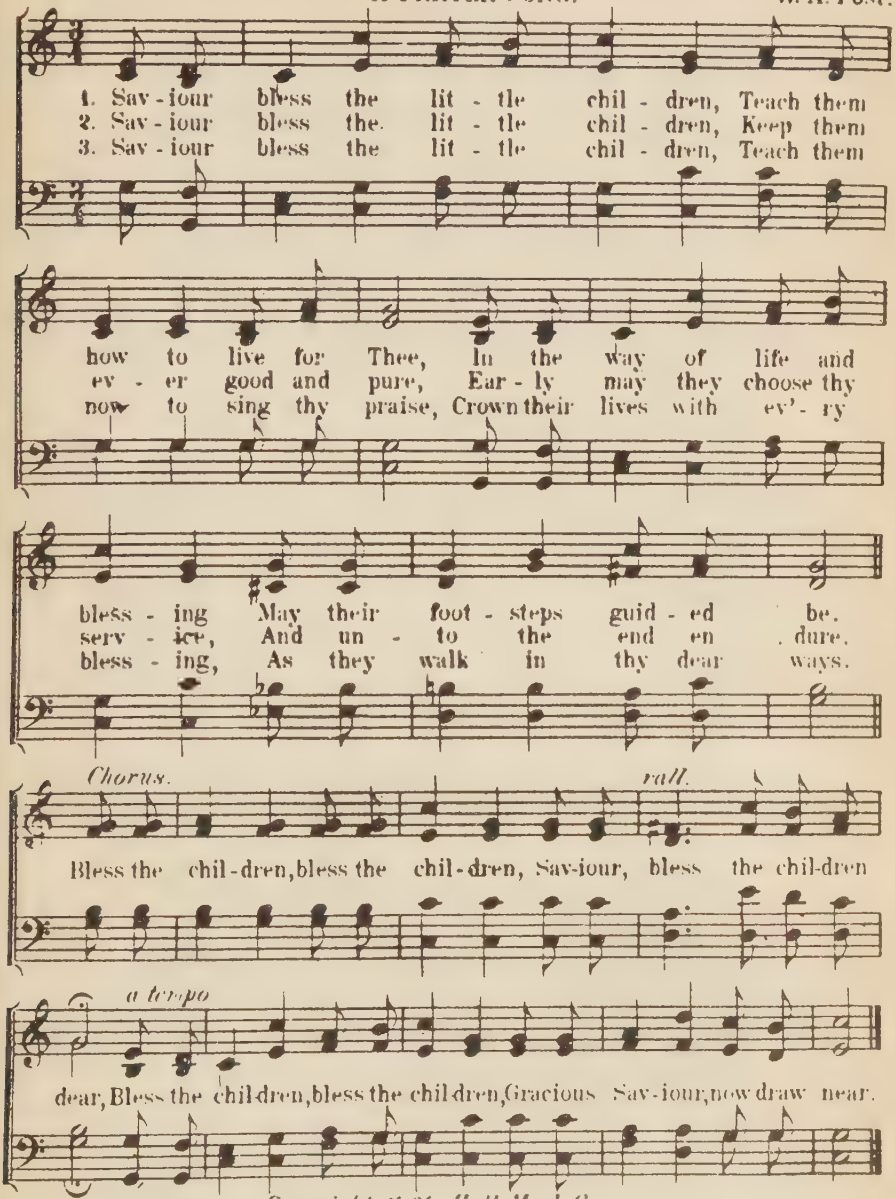

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
2. And the lit - tle mo-ments, Hum - ble though they be
3. And our lit - tle er - rors Lead the soul a - way
4. Lit - tle deeds of mer - cy, Sown by youth-ful hands,
5. Lit - tle deeds of kind-ness, Lit - tle words of love,
Make the might - y o - cean, And the beauteous land.
Make the might - y ag - es, Of e - ter - ni - ty.
From the paths of vir - tue, Far in sin to stray.
Grow to bless the na - tions, Far in hea-then lands.
Make our earth an E - den Like the heav'n a - bove.

Work for the Night.

Sidney Dyer. Dr. Lowell Mason.


1 Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
2 Work, for the night is com-ing, Work in the sun-ny noon;
3 Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies;
Fine
Work, while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies.
D.S. Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark'n-ing, When man's work is o'er.
Work, when the day grows brighter. Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev'-ry fly-ing min-ute Some thing to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more;
D.S.

Saviour, Bless the Children.

Rev. G. O. Webster. A PRAYER SONG. W. A. Post.

1. Sav - iour bless the lit - tle chil - dren, Teach them
2. Sav - iour bless the lit - tle chil - dren, Keep them
3. Sav - iour bless the lit - tle chil - dren, Teach them
how to live for Thee, In the way of life and
ev - er good and pure, Ear - ly may they choose thy
now to sing thy praise, Crown their lives with ev'- ry
bless - ing May their foot - steps guid - ed be.
serv - ice, And un - to the end en - dure.
bless - ing, As they walk in thy dear ways.
Chorus.
rall.
Bless the chil-dren, bless the chil-dren, Sav-iour, bless the chil-dren
a tempo
dear, Bless the chil-dren, bless the chil-dren, Gracious Sav-iour, now draw near.

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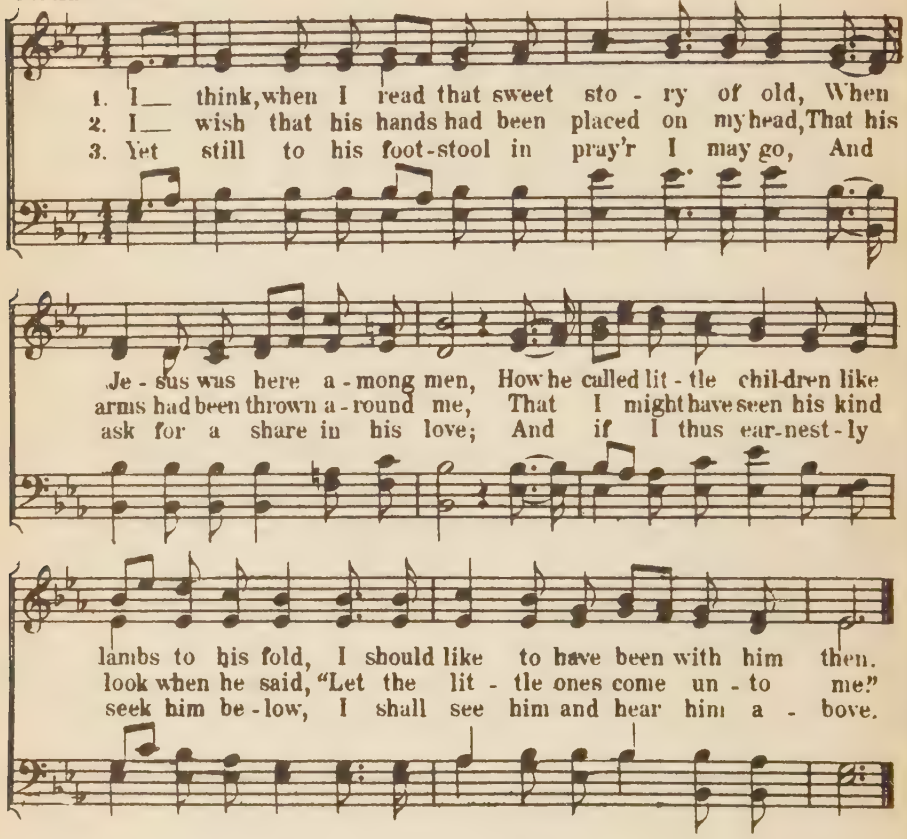
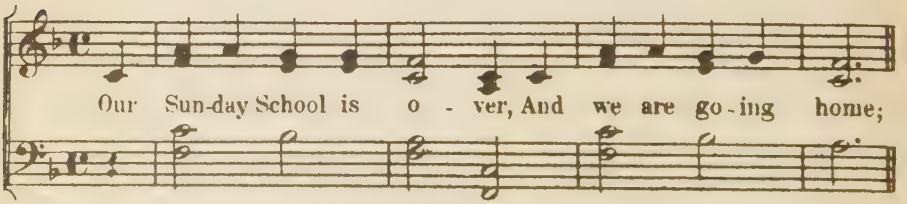
68 I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story.

Jemina Luke.


1. I__ think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil-dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.
2. I__ wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown a - round me, That I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
3. Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And if I thus ear-nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

Good-Bye Song.



In some schools when singing "Good-bye," the teachers and scholars salute each other with an outward wave of the hand, first with the right and then with the left; or the song may be sung by the children as they march from the room.

TEACHER.

Good - bye, — good - bye; — Be al - ways kind and true,

SCHOLAR.

Good - bye, — good - bye, — We will be kind and true.

JEWELS.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

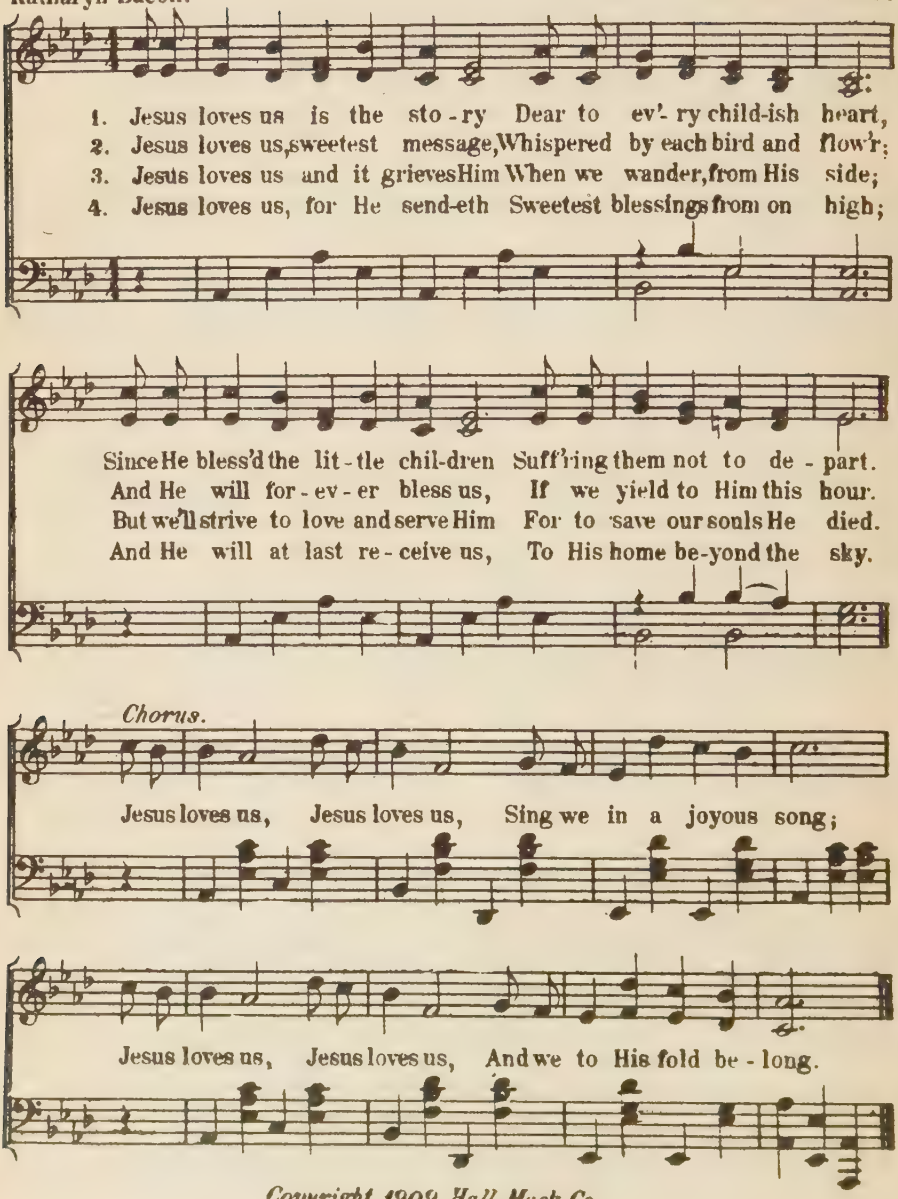
Moderato.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew-els, All His jew-els, precious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His kingdom: All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and His own.
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem-er, Are the jew-els, precious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorning,
They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

Jesus Loves Me.

Katharyn Bacon. Howard E. Smith.


1. Jesus loves us is the sto - ry Dear to ev'- ry child-ish heart,
2. Jesus loves us, sweetest message, Whispered by each bird and flow'r;
3. Jesus loves us and it grieves Him When we wander, from His side;
4. Jesus loves us, for He send-eth Sweetest blessings from on high;
Since He bless'd the lit - tle chil-dren Suff'ring them not to de - part.
And He will for - ev - er bless us, If we yield to Him this hour.
But we'll strive to love and serve Him For to save our souls He died.
And He will at last re - ceive us, To His home be-yond the sky.
Chorus.
Jesus loves us, Jesus loves us, Sing we in a joyous song;
Jesus loves us, Jesus loves us, And we to His fold be - long.

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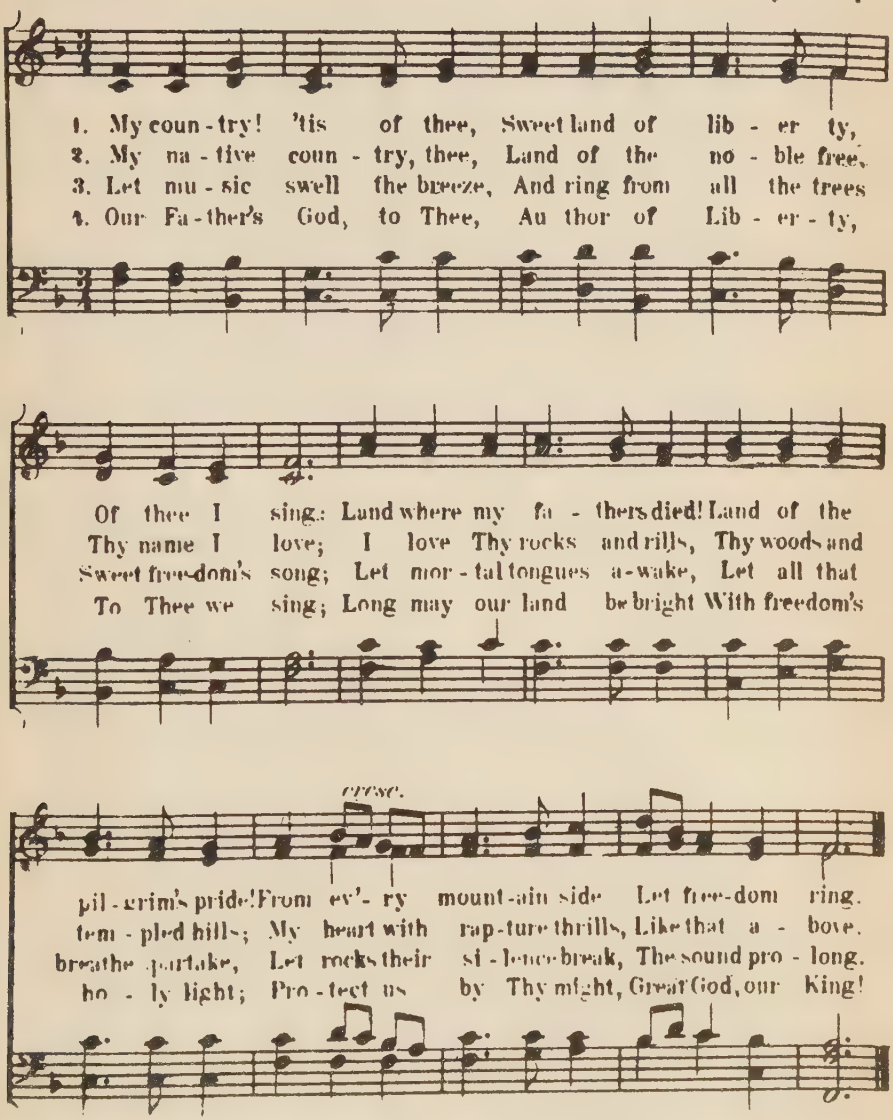
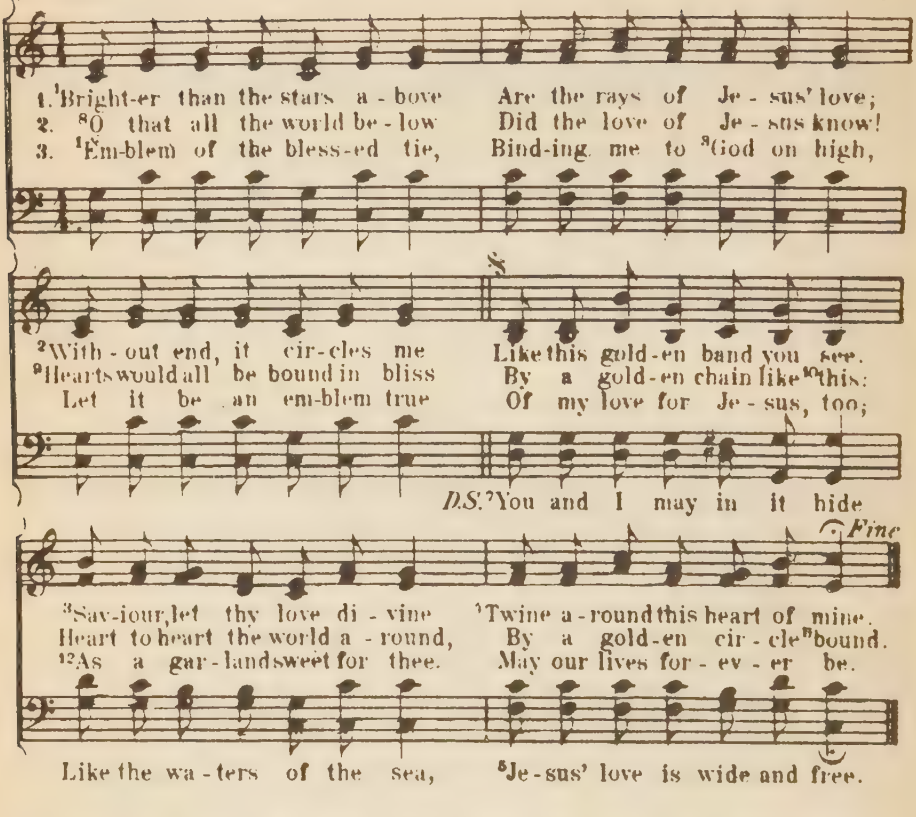
My Country 'tis of Thee. 71

F. S. Smith. Henry Carrey.


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our Fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au thor of Lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love Thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's
CHORUS.
pil - grim's pride! From ev'- ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

Jesus' Love.

S. C. Kirk. Herbert J. Lacey.


1. [1]Bright-er than the stars a - bove Are the rays of Je - sus' love;
2. [8]O that all the world be - low Did the love of Je - sus know!
3. [1]Em-blem of the bless-ed tie, Bind-ing me to [3]God on high,
[2]With - out end, it cir-cles me Like this gold-en band you see.
[9]Hearts would all be bound in bliss By a gold-en chain like [10]this:
Let it be an em-blem true Of my love for Je - sus, too;
D.S. [7]You and I may in it hide
Fine
[3]Sav-iour, let thy love di - vine [4]Twine a - round this heart of mine.
Heart to heart the world a - round, By a gold-en cir - cle [11]bound.
[12]As a gar-land sweet for thee. May our lives for - ev - er be.
Like the wa - ters of the sea, [5]Je - sus' love is wide and free.

Motions:—All of the girls carry golden hoops about five inches in diameter. When the class is in place, organ gives signal, and the girls take No. 1 position before music begins. Hold the hoop with tips of thumbs and first and second fingers of both hands. 1. Look upward and raise hoop to an angle slightly above the eyes, arms at full length. 2. Bring arms down to horizontal position. 3. Look up. 4. Hoop over the heart. 5. Arms as in No. 2, hoop horizontal; move hoop slowly to right and left. 6. Hoop upright with upward and downward movement. 7. Bring hoop slowly back until it covers the breast. 8. Hoop in right hand, slightly elevated. 9. Keep hoop in right hand and cover the breast. 10. Bring right hand down to the side, and link left hand with the hoop of the girl alongside, thus forming a chain. 11. Form a circle by left end girl linking with hoop of right end girl. While thus linked, sing second verse through again, the circle slowly revolving during the singing. At the end of the verse form straight line again. 12. Hoop on head, held as in No. 5.

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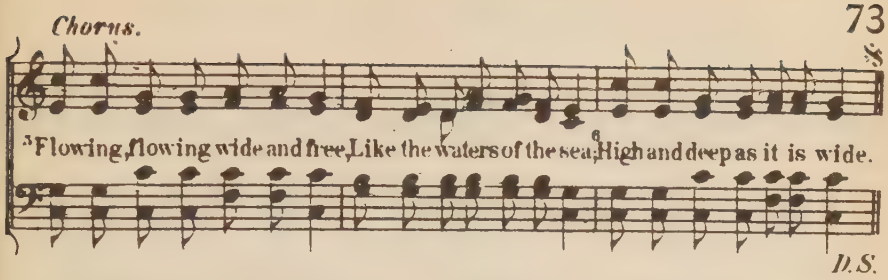
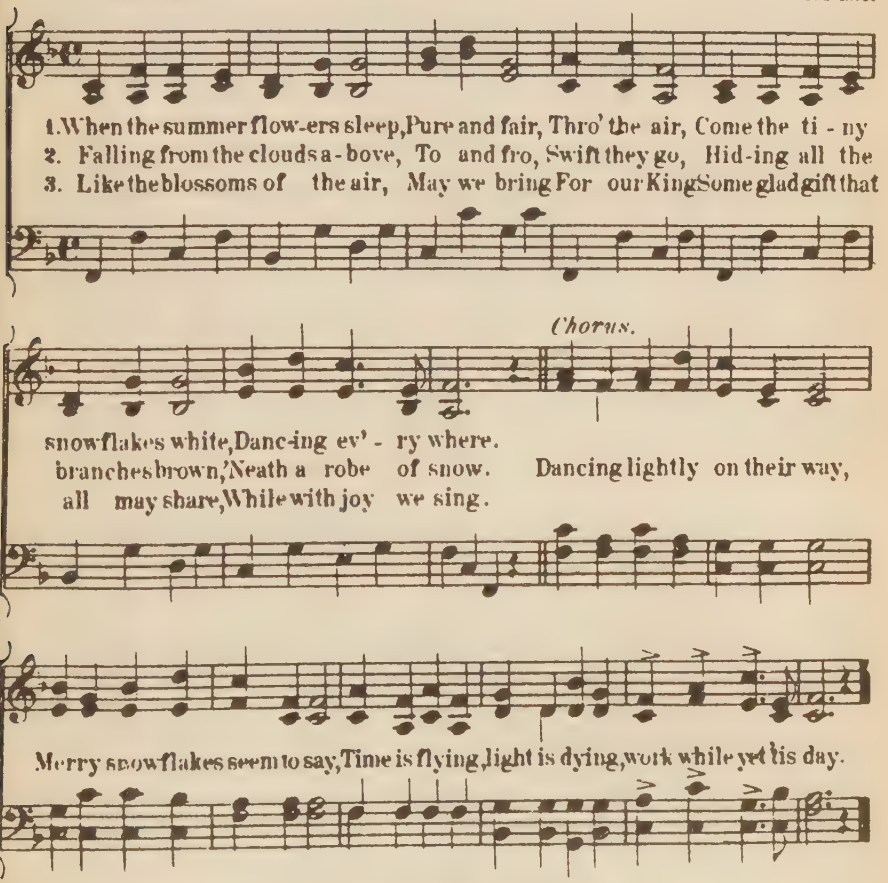


When the Summer Flowers Sleep.

Lizzie DeArmond. W. A. Post.


1. When the summer flow-ers sleep, Pure and fair, Thro' the air, Come the ti - ny
2. Falling from the clouds a - bove, To and fro, Swift they go, Hid-ing all the
3. Like the blossoms of the air, May we bring For our King Some glad gift that
Chorus.
snow flakes white, Danc-ing ev' - ry where.
branches brown, 'Neath a robe of snow. Dancing lightly on their way,
all may share, While with joy we sing.
Merry snow flakes seem to say, Time is flying, light is dying, work while yet 'tis day.

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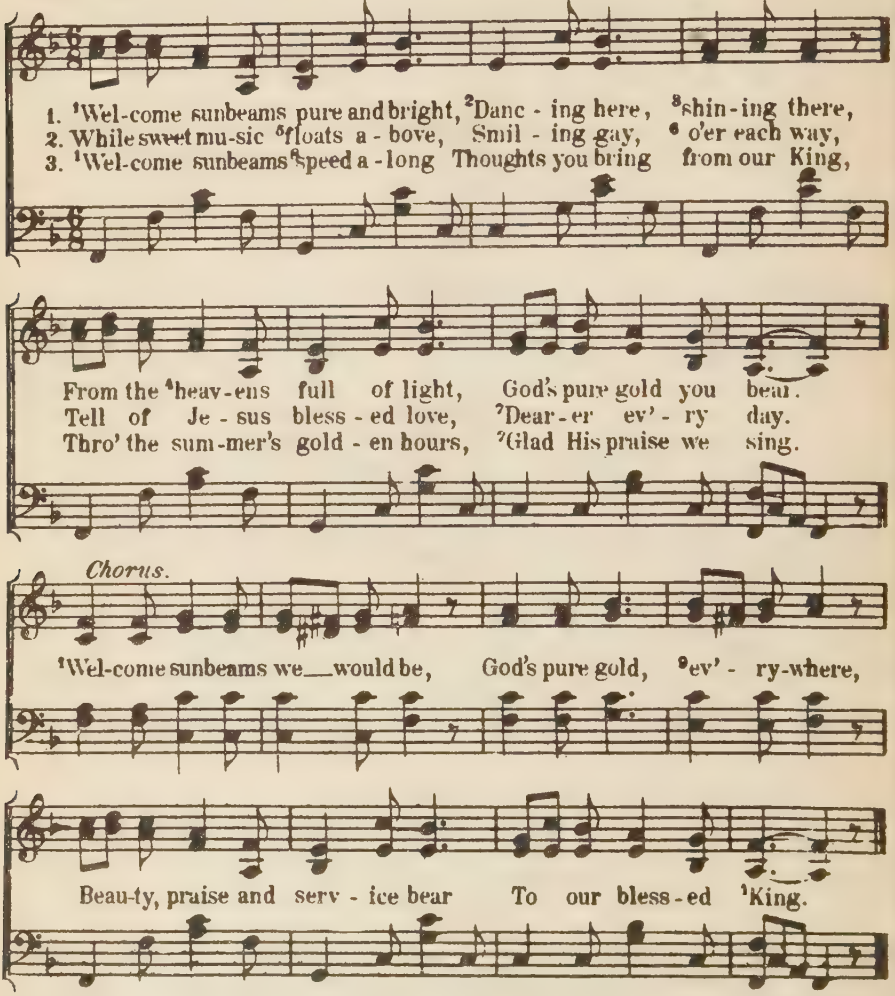
God's Pure Gold You Bear.

Lizzie DeArmond. W. A. Post.


1. [1]Wel-come sunbeams pure and bright, [2]Danc - ing here, [3]shin-ing there,
2. While sweet mu-sic [5]floats a - bove, Smil - ing gay, [6] o'er each way,
3. [1]Wel-come sunbeams [8]speed a - long Thoughts you bring from our King,
From the [4]heav-ens full of light, God's pure gold you bear.
Tell of Je - sus bless - ed love, [7]Dear - er ev' - ry day.
Thro' the sum-mer's gold - en hours, [7]Glad His praise we sing.
Chorus.
[1]Wel-come sunbeams we would be, God's pure gold, [9]ev' - ry-where,
Beau-ty, praise and serv - ice bear To our bless - ed [1]King.

[1]Hold both hands out and up. [2]Dancing motion with both hand, left to right. [3]Throw both hands outwards to the right. [4]Point up with index finger of right hand. [5]Floating motion with both hands, moving upwards. [6]Extend hands, palms downward. [7]Fold hands across breast, look up. [8]Move right hand swiftly, left to right. [9]Bring finger tips together, then throw arms open wide.

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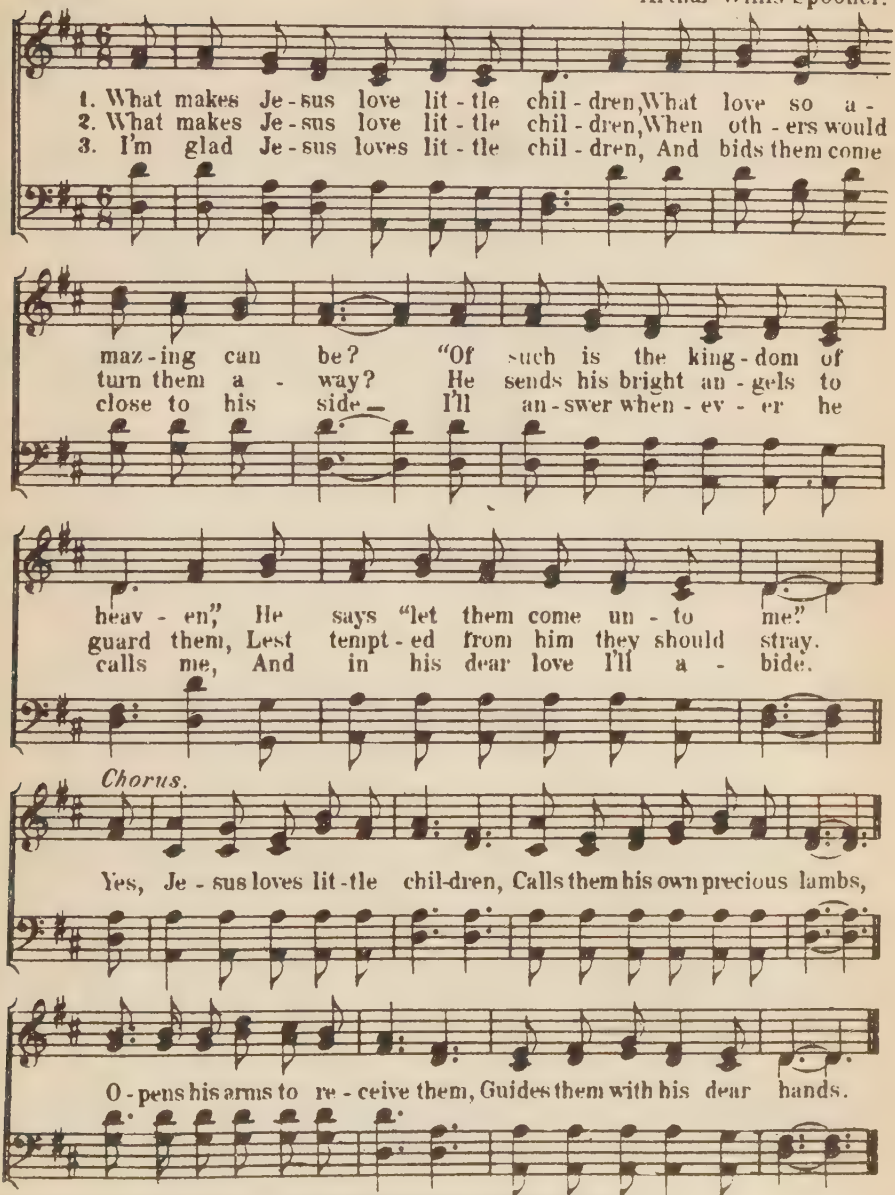
Jesus Loves Little Children. 75

A. W. S. Arthur Willis Spooner.


1. What makes Je - sus love lit - tle chil - dren, What love so a -
2. What makes Je - sus love lit - tle chil - dren, When oth - ers would
3. I'm glad Je - sus loves lit - tle chil - dren, And bids them come
maz - ing can be? "Of such is the king - dom of
turn them a - way? He sends his bright an - gels to
close to his side I'll an - swer when - ev - er he
heav - en," He says "let them come un - to me."
guard them, Lest tempt - ed from him they should stray.
calls me, And in his dear love I'll a - bide.
Chorus.
Yes, Je - sus loves lit - tle chil-dren, Calls them his own precious lambs,
O - pens his arms to re - ceive them, Guides them with his dear hands.

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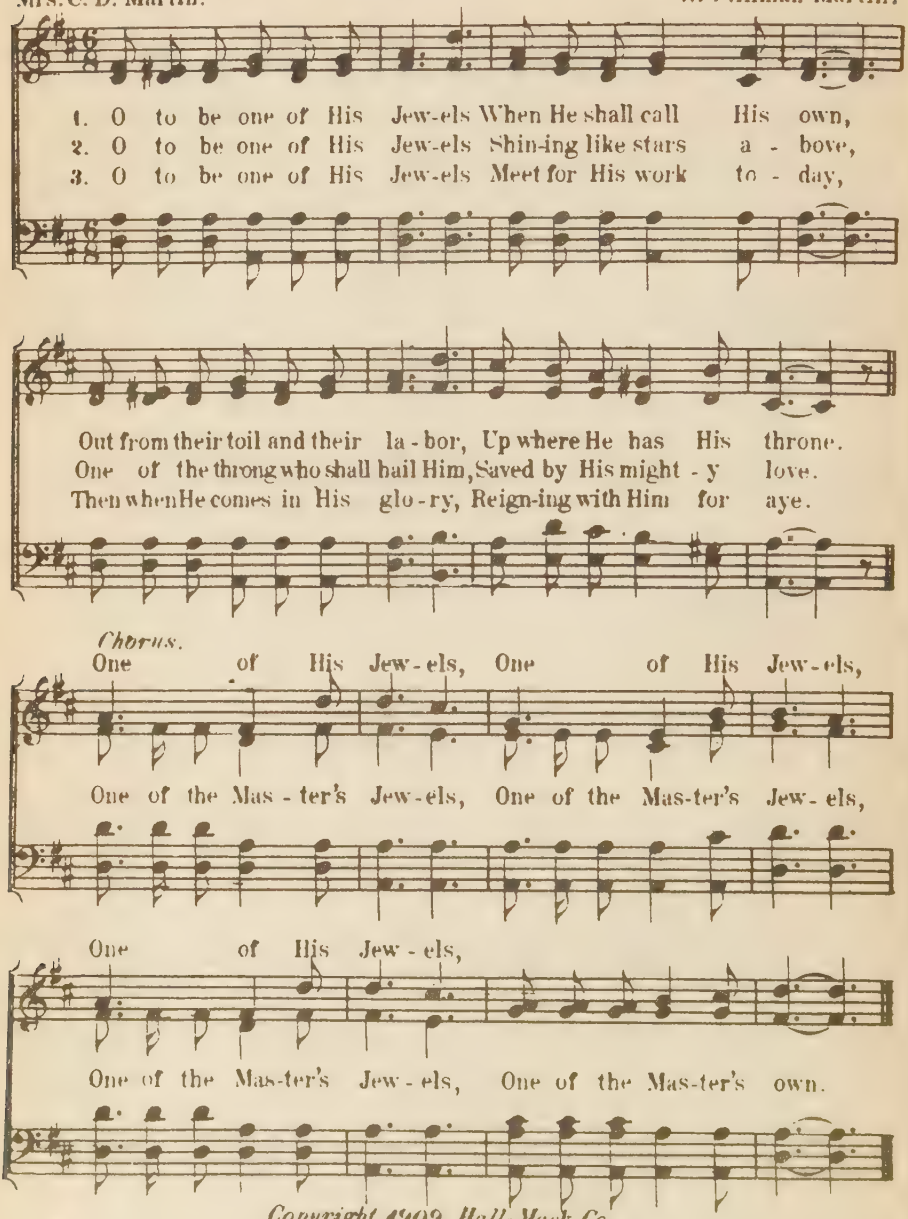
76 One of the Master's Jewels.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.


1. O to be one of His Jew-els When He shall call His own,
2. O to be one of His Jew-els Shin-ing like stars a - bove,
3. O to be one of His Jew-els Meet for His work to - day,
Out from their toil and their la - bor, Up where He has His throne.
One of the throng who shall hail Him, Saved by His might - y love.
Then when He comes in His glo - ry, Reign-ing with Him for aye.
Chorus.
One of His Jew-els, One of His Jew-els,
One of the Mas - ter's Jew-els, One of the Mas-ter's Jew- els,
One of His Jew - els,
One of the Mas-ter's Jew - els, One of the Mas-ter's own.

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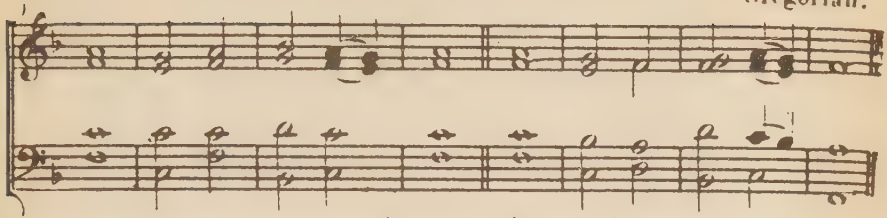
The Lord's Prayer.

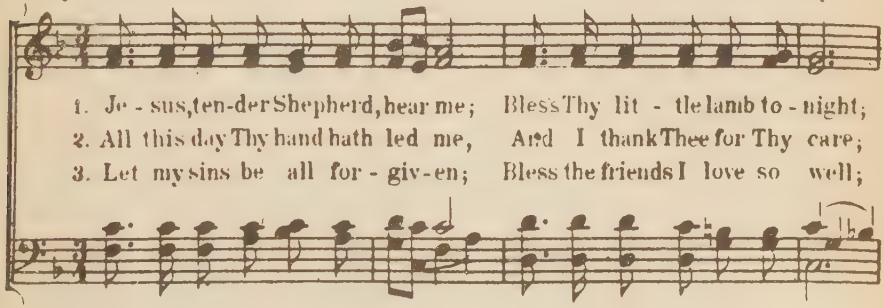
Gregorian.

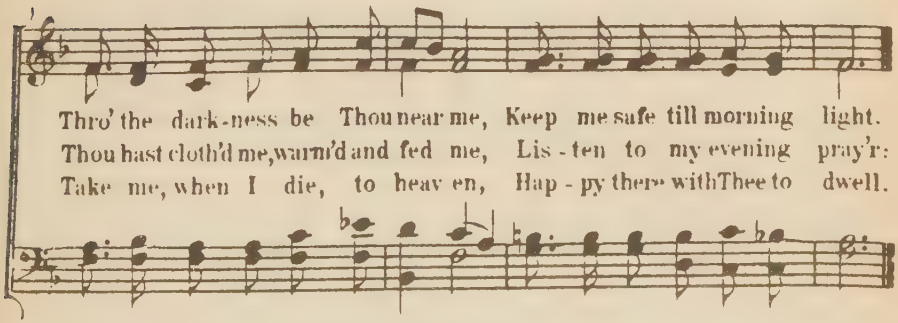


1. Our Father which art in heaven, | Hallowed | be Thy | name. ‖
   Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this | day our_ | daily | bread. ‖
   And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
3. And led us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil: ‖
   For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

Jesus Hear Me.

Mary Lundie Duncan. J. B. Dykes.


1. Je - sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;


Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.
Thou hast cloth'd me, warm'd and fed me, Lis - ten to my evening pray'r:
Take me, when I die, to heav en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

78 We'll Smash the Saloon When We're Men.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

A. W. S. ARTHUR W. SPOONER

Recitation with Chorus after each Verse.

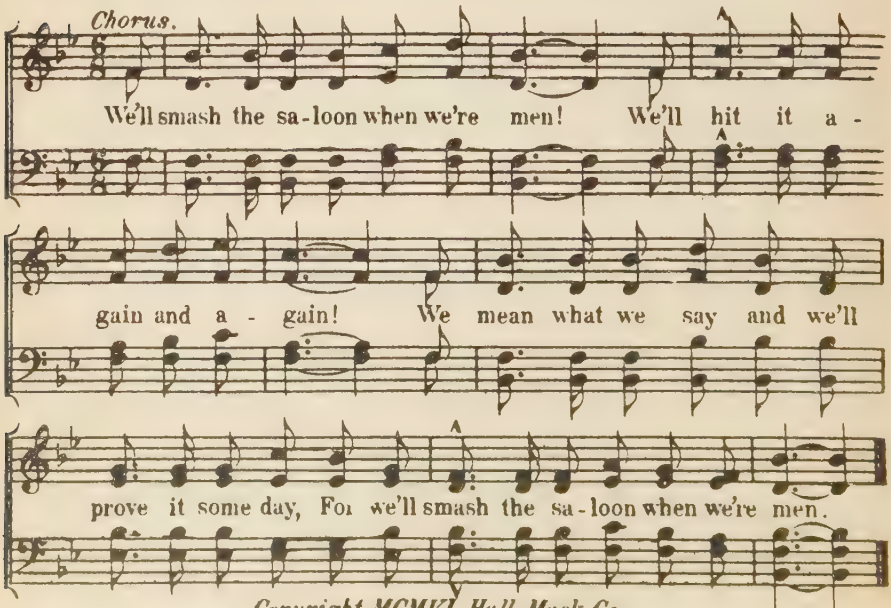
There's a wicked old monster,
His name is "Saloon!"
He's as bold as a lion
And sly as a coon.
His heart feels no pity,
His purse is his God,
It is time this foul monster
Was under the sod.
So — *Chorus.*

This horrid old monster
The liquor saloon,
Is as hard to get at
As the "man in the moon!"
He builds a high wall
Of legal protection
And boasts that he'll keep
The whole land in subjection.
But — *Chorus.*

This brutal old monster
With doors open wide
Invites young and old
Men and women inside:
But when they have entered
(How sad to be told
He robs them of character,
Robs them of gold.
Then — *Chorus.*

He calls to the working man —
"Come in, and rest!"
Then grabs his scant dollars
To feather his nest.
The tears of the mother,
The groans of despair,
Are naught to this monster,
And naught does he care.
So — *Chorus.*

Then down with this monster!
Let all strike a blow;
Then another, another —
He dies hard you know.
Too long has he triumphed —
Too long fed on blood —
We'll smash the saloon
In the strength of the Lord
Yes — *Chorus.*


Chorus.
We'll smash the sa-loon when we're men! We'll hit it a-
gain and a-gain! We mean what we say and we'll
prove it some day, For we'll smash the sa-loon when we're men.

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THE MAKING OF HEAVEN.

A teacher told her little class
In Sunday school one day
About the sweet and beauteous place
Called Heaven—far away.
A place "not made with hands," then asked
If she were understood.
"Why, yes," one little tot replied,
"It's just made out of—good."

A GOOD THING TO WRITE.

"What shall I write on my slate?" said Harry to himself. He could not write very well, but he sat down and wrote, "A good boy." Then he took it and showed it to his mother.

"That is a good thing to write," she said. "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write it on my life?" said Harry.

"By being a good boy every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good boy always tells its own story. It looks bright and happy."—*Sunbeam.*

GENTLENESS

A stranger stopped all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. The next morning, when the farmer wanted to drive the stranger to town, the horse refused to go. They jerked it, whipped it, and kicked it. But it would not move. Then the little girl laid her hand on the neck of the horse, spoke a few kind words to it, and stroked it. Instantly the tense muscles relaxed, and the stubbornness vanished. They had no more trouble with the pony that day.

"I WON'T."

A little boy had the bad habit of saying, "I won't" whenever his mother told him to do anything he did not like.

He was very fond of pets. One day he found a wee crow. Frank's father cut the crow's wings so that he could not fly away, and very soon he had learned to say simple words. He would call "Ida" and "Frank" as plainly as the children.

There were some pear trees in the garden back of the house, and one day "Crow," as they called him, was seen picking off the pears. When told to come down, he obeyed; but the next time, instead of coming down when he was called, he turned his head to one side and said: "I won't."

"Crow, come down," was the order.

"I won't," he answered again.

Frank heard him, and thought: "Do I answer my parents in that way?" He sat thinking, and the third time came the answer: "I won't." This time he said it himself, and it meant this: "I won't talk to my mother that way any more."

And he never did. Thus he was helped by a crow.

TO BE TAUGHT TO THE SMALLER ONES.

Two little hands for loving labor given:
Two little feet to walk the road to Heaven:
Two little eyes to read God's Holy Word:
Two little lips to praise the blessed Lord:
One little soul to serve with all its might:
So should we live, always in Jesus' sight.

FIVE B'S.

Believe on the Lord.
Be true to His word.
Be gentle and kind.
Be pure in mind.
Be truthful to all.

SOME THINGS GOD LOVES.

Every one knows what it is to love, but no one can understand, fully, God's love for us. In John 3: 16 we are told that God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. How great that love must be.

God loves
- Poor in Spirit.
- Mourners.
- Meek.
- Truth-hungry.
- Merciful.
- Pure in heart.
- Peacemakers.
- Persecuted.

Dislike what God dislikes and love what He loves, and happiness is sure to follow.

GOD SAVES.

God saves from danger, from sin, from evil thoughts, from wicked ways.

He saved

From
- Peril
  - Noah from the Flood.
  - Israel from Egypt.
  - Daniel from the Lions.
  - Apostles from Prison.
- Sin
  - The Paralytic.
  - The Woman in John 8.
  - Saul of Tarsus; and
  - All who believe in Jesus.

THE ONE CALLED WONDERFUL

Who is the One called "Wonderful"? Jesus, who also is called "Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace." He has many other names; more than two hundred titles have been given Him in the Bible.

Jesus has
- A wonderful Eye to see us.
- A wonderful Ear to hear us.
- A wonderful Heart to love us.
- A wonderful Hand to hold us.
- A wonderful Word to cheer us.
- A wonderful Spirit to guide us.
- A wonderful Home to receive us.

SHORT PRAYERS.

Dear Saviour, may we be Thy true children this day; give us courage to confess Thee before our friends and companions. Amen.

Dear Father, help me to do as Thou wouldst have me do, say what Thou wouldst have me say, go where Thou dost send me, and be what Thou desirest. Amen.

For morning:

Dear Father,
From foes without, within,
From every form of sin
Keep me, I pray;
And grant that I may be
From every sorrow free
Through all this day.
In Jesus' name. Amen.

Dear Jesus, help me to have more of Thyself in my life and less of myself. Amen.

Father, we thank Thee for the night
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.
Amen.

Dear Lord, help me this day to bring cheer and sunshine to sad and weary hearts. Amen.

Merciful Father, may the words of my mouth be acceptable this day; may no false or deceitful word pass my lips. Amen.

Heavenly Father, help me to apply the Golden Rule as fairly to my neighbor as I expect him to apply it to me. Amen.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Whether I am at home, at school,
Or walking out abroad,
I never should forget this rule
Of Jesus Christ the Lord:

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me;
For this will make me kind and good
As children ought to be.

KINDNESS.

Kindness in our manners
We should ever show;
Then as we get older
We will sweeter grow.

A HAPPY SECRET.

We want to make our pathway
As pleasant as can be,
And waken every morning,
Bright, golden beams to see.
We have a happy secret
That brightens all the way,
Just to do a little kindness
To some one every day.

—*E. E. Hewitt.*

LITTLE THINGS.

If little falling drops of rain
The lakes and rivers fill;
If little grains of earth and sand
Make mountain, plain and hill:

Little moments, as they pass,
Make hours and days and years:
Then little sins of every kind
Should fill our hearts with fears.

For little sins, if once allowed,
To greater sins must grow;
And if not stopped by grace divine
Will lead to endless woe.

Great God, then fill each infant heart
With love and fear of Thee,
And to us all Thy Spirit give,
That we may holy be.

LITTLE FOXES AND LITTLE HUNTERS.

Recite. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines."—Song of Solomon, II, 15.

First:
Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—By-and-by.

Answer:
Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right-away.

Second:
Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I can't.

Answer:
Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can.

Third:
No-use-in-trying—lags and whines
This fox, among my tender vines.

Answer:
Then drive him low and drive him high,
With this good hunter named—I'll try!

Fourth:
Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox—I-forgot.

Answer:
Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I-will-not-forget-again!

Fifth:
The little fox that, hidden there
Among my vines is—I-don't-care.

Answer:
Then let I'm-sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

The Five:
What mischief-making foxes! yet
Among our vines they often get.

In concert:
But, now their hunters' names you know,
Just drive them out, and keep them so.

—*Little People's Speaker.*

THE SEED.

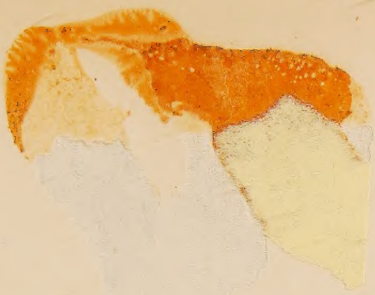
Within this little seed so small and brown
There is no beauty which our eyes may see,
Yet it contains what even the wisest own
As a great mystery.

What seems a lifeless thing, of little worth,
Reveals to us at last a hidden power;
For by some wondrous alchemy of earth
The seeds becomes a flower.

Ah, who would dream that form and color fair
Could from this tiny husk at last be freed?
The mystery of growth and blossom is there within this little seed.

The same wise power that fashioned sky and wave,
And starry worlds, the midnight to illume,
Designed the little seed and to it gave
Its power to bud and bloom!

—*Alice Jean Cleator.*



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